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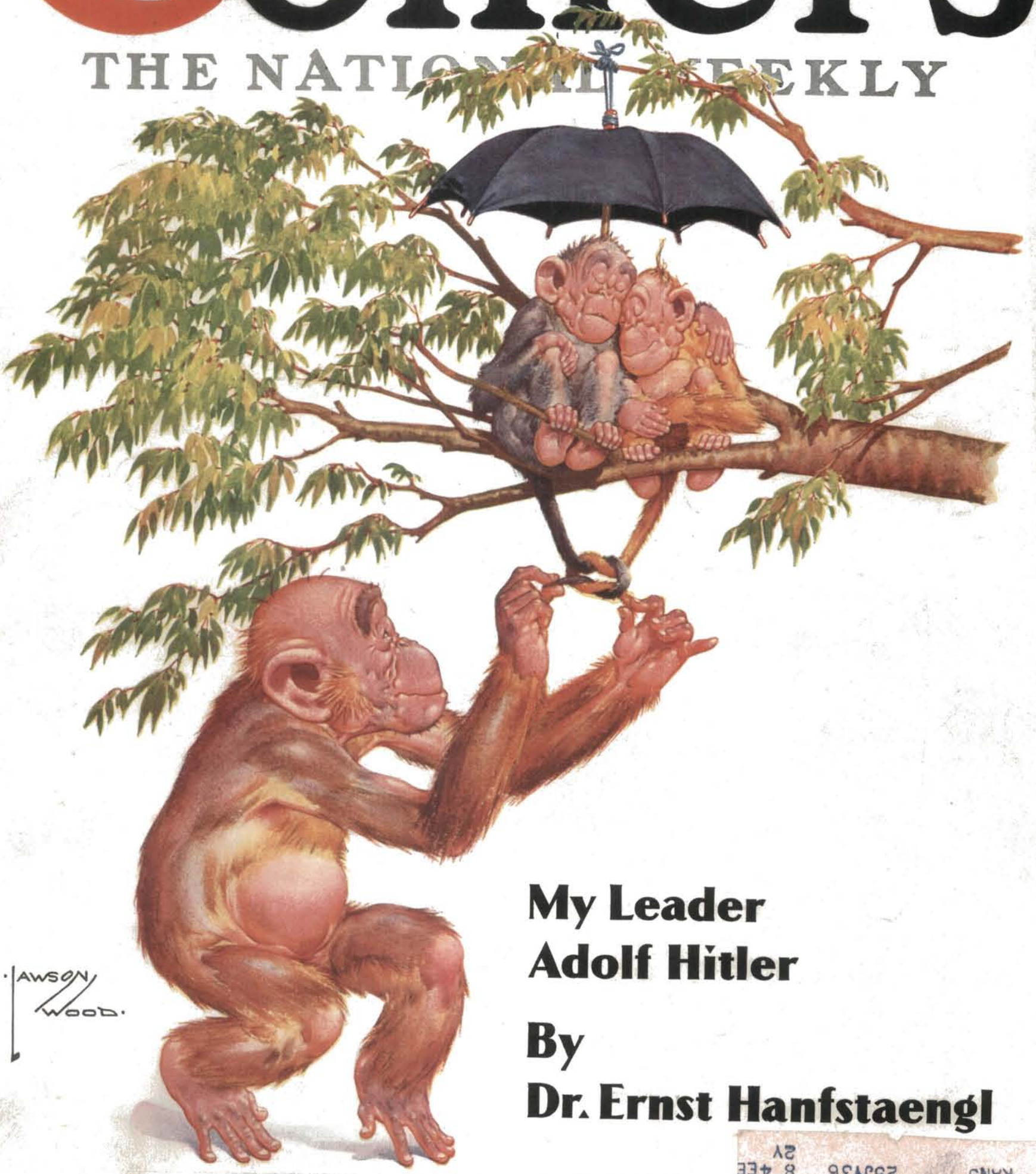

My Leader Adolf Hitler

By Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl

MRS G R PETERSON 128
920 N WASHINGTON 7995
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AUGUST 4, 1934

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Good company

...good weather... and something good to drink — there's a trio for making the hours gay and pleasant. And as the frosted glasses are sipped with approval, how often someone will add, "You must have used Canada Dry!"

For ever since it came from Canada, this fine, dry old ginger ale has been considered in a class apart. Its sparkle and flavor, its color and fragrance, can only be compared to a vintage wine.

Of course, "it must be Canada Dry"... whether sipped alone or mixed in a long, tall drink.

And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water — with its long life — is equally delightful and economical.

"It must be Canada Dry"

BIG BOTTLES 20¢ — 12-oz. size 2 for 25¢
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Here quality is dramatized

One of these roses is artificial. They look alike. But oh, what a difference! You can't always judge by appearance alone. Other candy bars may resemble Milky Way. But there's only one Milky Way. » » » If a man should deliberately try to make the most expensive candy in the world, he couldn't find any finer ingredients than go into this splendid confection. Its success has been built by its quality. Made in a remarkable factory, where laboratory cleanliness is rigidly maintained, its wholesomeness is of the kind that parents approve and children love. » » » Try chilling it in your refrigerator. » » » Under the same conditions Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT DOESN'T happen often. Not once in a thousand times. Probably not once in ten thousand. But when it does you can feel the surge of excitement in the projection room. It gives you shivers up and down the spine. You're watching magic.

That's when you've picked one of those people who are ten times more effective on the screen than they are in person. Something happens in the camera, and the image on the screen has things, and does things, and means things that the naked eye and unaided ear can never detect.

William Slavens McNutt, a veteran of Hollywood, writes a short story of the moment of high excitement when a member of the second generation of movie actors burst into the forefront of the parade in a shower of sparks. "That's Pictures."

A LAWYER called upon Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. He had a proposition to make. He represented, so he said, 35,000,000 gallons of stored liquor, liquor on which no taxes had been paid, bootleg liquor, moonshine. His proposal was to pay the taxes and have this accumulation legitimized. Several other lawyers made similar propositions. Secretary Morgenthau declined to join the party.

That, in a small way, indicates the extent of the illegal liquor business at present flourishing in this country—at the expense of the consumer, the taxpayer and Uncle Sam. It's "The Same Old Demon" *still*. Walter Davenport gives you the particulars.

IN THE interior of Java, way inland from Tandjong Priok, there lives an old man. The natives say he has lived for three hundred years. Nobody knows. But the Grand Duchess Thalia believed that he had the secret of youth. The Grand Duchess wanted to be young: she was in love. In a dramatic short story, "The Listening Leopard," James Francis Dwyer shows you how the Old One peeled years from the Grand Duchess as you would peel skins from an onion.

WHEN a man has the Navy for a rival he's up against more than just a lot of good-looking uniformed men. He's up against Romance. Chirp Dennis was certain that his girl was fleet-proof. But it never pays to be too sure. Stanley Paul writes his story in "Water Wings."

LUCIAN CARY contributes a romance of a hundred years ago, "At Twenty Paces." Kathleen Norris, Ray Tucker, W. R. Burnett, Quentin Reynolds and others add to the fireworks. Very dazzling indeed.

This Week

August 4, 1934

Cover by Lawson Wood

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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Your Face Value. How to raise it. Page 15

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EDITORIAL
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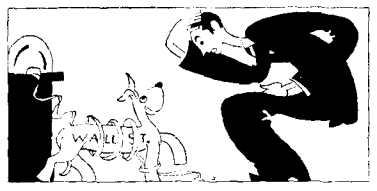
Any Week

MRS. SHAEFFER of Cabot, Arkansas, finds herself unable to agree with President Roosevelt "on all his policies" yet does not feel "as the plantation Negro did regarding the new doctor." Fearing her confession might leave us a bit baffled, she explains: "A new contract doctor had been hired. That night the cotton hands all took ill with ptomaine poisoning after eating heartily of cracklin's and souse, seven of them dying promptly. Later, Mr. Elliott, the new white overseer, became violently ill and called for the doctor. His houseman insisted on treating him with yarbs and charms. He was growing worse and again demanded the doctor. Said Elliott weakly: 'Boy, I'll soon be dead if you don't get me the doctah.' And the boy replied: 'Boss, you would be safer off daid than with that doctah.'"

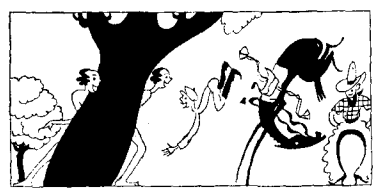
GENTLY, as befits his calling, the Rev. J. Elwood Welsh of Orangeburg, South Carolina, takes us to task. Having read our editorial, "What's Your Hurry," he mourns a "very painful omission." Says he: "Surely you have heard somewhere that gasoline and alcohol do not mix well. I looked in vain all through your well-written editorial for some slight reference to this. With the country rapidly going on a grand spree, we are seeing what we expected to see, only the start has hardly been made. Did not the preachers tell the dear old U. S. A. that, long ago? But then, who listens to preachers?"



MR. BABE MALITO of Huntington, Long Island, is in a quandary along with the rest of us. "Which end of this cockeyed Wall Street mutt am I to believe, anyway?" he demands. "One end barks: 'The stock market regulation bill will ruin the country.' The other end wags: 'This is the best bill that ever happened.' Never mind, you wouldn't know. Hey, Mr. Roosevelt, is it okay to buy stocks now?"

MR. MALITO makes it clear that our opinion would not influence him. Yet we can't help suggesting that he consider Mrs. Katherine Y. Finney, of Detroit, Michigan, who announces that while she is now seventy-five years old she is going to "wait and see whether there is any truth in all this talk that life in the United States twenty-five years hence will be far different from what it is today."

THE burning question in and about Estacada, Oregon, has nothing to do with politics. We learn from Mr. R. M. Hawkins of Seattle, Washington, that at Estacada the Hesperian Society of Portland is rigging up a nudist colony right next to an outfit that is building a dude ranch. And you can't hear yourself think for all the arguments about which are going to laugh most, the dudes or the nudes.



WE REGRET that Mrs. Sally Holmes Leyden of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, did not rise to her feet "and answer a political orator a few nights ago because I did not have at hand the exact figures regarding our War Debt when he cried that Roosevelt has burdened us with a debt as great as the war cost us." She would have retorted: "Whatever we spent on the war represented slaughter. What we are spending now represents life. Instead of spending those billions to kill our neighbor, we now spend billions to feed and clothe him. If we hadn't spent the first we would not now be incurring the second debt. You glorified war and condemned rescue. Whatever your party, you should not be elected to represent anybody."

"IN YOUR survey of general industrial conditions," writes Mr. C. W. Rogers, of Ely, Nevada, "here is one your Mr. Ybarra and the other members of Collier's Brain Trust overlooked. The rise and fall in the consumption of olives may explain a lot about the conditions in California, but Nevada's barometer, the Divorce Traffic, is the supreme test of general economic conditions. Our industry out here is growing faster than the cigarette habit. So we know the depression is about over."

MRS. LOUIS KINMACK of Savannah, Georgia, thanks us for our "courteous reply to a letter I never wrote. In fact," says Mrs. Kinmack, "I never wrote you any letter. But now that we have become acquainted let's not lose sight of each other. Drop me a line explaining." We have investigated, discovering that it was all on account of a little zeal. Striving diligently to catch up with our correspondence we failed to stop at the right place.

NOW you chase us, Mrs. Kinmack.

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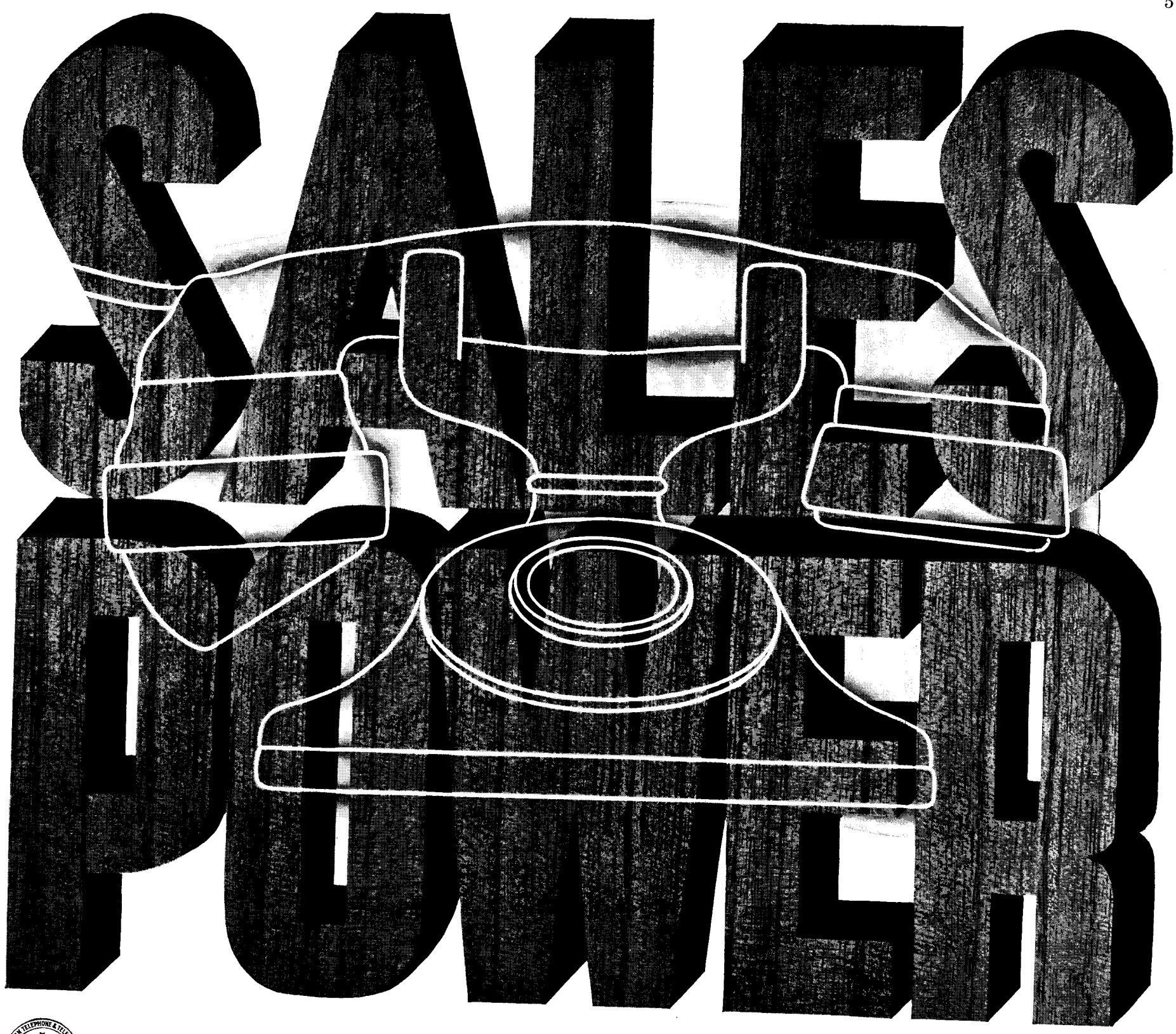

EVERY hour of the day, business men are using the sales power of Long Distance telephone service to get business . . . to cut costs . . . to meet changing marketing conditions.

Long Distance can be *custom-fitted* to merchandising plans of every kind and size; for example, the Federal Match Sales Corporation is having marked success using it to help distributors move its product to retail outlets.

Representatives regularly visit distributors to determine the stock inventory. They then go to the Bell Telephone office and solicit orders *for the distributors* from retailers in the surrounding territory.

Calls are put through in quick succession by the operator who has previously been given a list of out-of-town customers of the distributor. This plan enables representatives to make, in some cases, as many as 100 calls a day.

Officials of this company cite several instances proving the value of telephone selling in their business.

Recently a salesman telephoning from one city sold 7000 cases of matches valued at $35,000 at a telephone sales cost of ½ of 1%. Eighteen out of twenty telephone sales calls made by a representative on one of his regular trips resulted in orders.

Why not place the PROVED SALES POWER of Long Distance behind *YOUR* product? Your local Bell Company will gladly show you how you can, with no obligation whatever on your part. Just call the telephone office, and a representative will visit you at your convenience.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Day-time*	*7 P. M.*	*8:30 P. M.*
Chicago	Grand Rapids	$ .75	$ .65	$ .45
Boston	New York	1.00	.85	.60
Minneapolis	Cleveland	2.55	2.10	1.40
New Orleans	Denver	4.00	3.25	2.25
Pittsburgh	Seattle	7.75	6.25	4.50

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THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT WILLIE'S RECENT BURST OF ENERGY!
IT MUST BE THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES HIS MOTHER'S BEEN (FEEDING HIM!
?
F. Fox
You'll find, too, that "starting the day" really will seem easier, with the help of delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes.

Thanks, Mr. Fox...

for your co-operation, but weren't you just a bit too enthusiastic?

A Delicious Cereal
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Gentle Laxative

WE'D LIKE to make it plain that the artist went quite a bit further than we intended when he drew this sketch for us!

However, we do want to say this much, seriously, to everyone: If you seem lacking in vitality, and "not quite up to snuff," it may be that you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in the diet. And you may find you'll feel like a different person, once you've corrected this trouble!

So why don't you eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . every morning for breakfast? It contains bran to supply the bulk that's needed to keep food wastes moving naturally and easily along the intestinal tract . . . and to help keep you regular and fit.

It also contains other parts of wheat, to supply that appetizing flavor.

Just try it! We know you'll find it a delicious cereal . . . and it may be the thing you need to make you like your old self again.

Every grocer has it . . . and it costs so little. Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods.

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My Leader

By Dr. Ernst F. S. Hanfstaengl

Throughout the war Dr. Hanfstaengl was an art dealer in New York City. Today he is one of the trusted lieutenants—and the favorite musician—of the German dictator. In this unique article he tells you how he met and came to idolize the man whose name is a subject of frequent mention in all parts of the world—Adolf Hitler

ACME

I AM a German! I find that my country and my leader, Adolf Hitler, are misunderstood in America and that people here have a hopelessly false picture of both national socialism and Chancellor Hitler. May I, as a German, present the real picture—the picture which sixty-five million Germans see?

To begin with, let it be understood that the government headed by Adolf Hitler is no minority government. It is a government which was deliberately chosen by the people. The people were given their choice—communism or national socialism. One promised chaos, adherence to principles abhorrent to the German nature and virtual allegiance to a governing body of foreigners. The other promised stabilization of industry, the return of self-respect, a unification of all parties and factions into one German nation and the eventual return of economic prosperity.

Germany chose the latter. Germany chose the party of Adolf Hitler and Germany cast out the undesirable elements which for many years had been throttling my country. These statements are not political arguments—they are facts.

And now? Two years ago German men walked the streets. Today they march the streets. Two years ago German men were beaten, looking toward a future that stretched hopelessly ahead—toward nothing. Today our heads are erect. We are Germans again and proud of it. We have reclaimed our own country and have regained our self-respect. Why do not the uninformed critics of my country go to Germany and see for themselves? Let them watch the brave struggle my countrymen are making against poverty and unemployment; against the frightful economic legacy left us by the war.

This is to be essentially a story of Adolf Hitler—the Man—but it must start back, far back, in the days when he was merely a curiosity. Allow one German to tell his experiences of those frightful days after the war and of his conversion to national socialism. It is a fairly typical experience of a German, discouraged, disheartened, who found new life in the restoration of old ideals. Question my judgment, if you will, my skill in expressing my thoughts—but I beg of you do not question either my honesty or my sincerity. This, then, is my story, and thus it becomes a cross section of the story of national socialism.

After graduating from Harvard University in 1909 I went to work in the New York art store owned by my father. My family was what you might call well-off in those days and life was pleasant in New York. I was working at something I loved—and then always I was studying music. I had no interest in, nor did I know anything of politics. In those days the war and the depression were merely unheard discords in the symphony of the Twentieth Century. I was just another New Yorker, although withal a German.

The Indefensible Libel

Then the war. Chaos replaced the orderly pattern of my life and the lives of five million New Yorkers. One day I received word that my younger brother, Egon, whom I worshiped, had died. For days I was stunned, not believing, trying to find surcease from agony in my music. Days later I heard that the Lusitania had been sunk and many good friends of mine had gone down with it. It was another blow. There is one man in this world, and only one, whom I hate. It is he who first spread a report that I had stood at the bar in the Harvard Club and toasted the man who had sunk the Lusitania. It is the kind of attack against which there is no defense. I have tried to run down the source, but have always come up against a stone wall of silence. My classmates at Harvard have done their best to dispel that horrible libel—but to no avail. The public of every warring country was being fed lies in those days; lies which were intended to be sparks that would ignite the slumbering passions and prejudices which in normal times lie dormant.

The war had ruined the business of my father. People who had got rich quickly had no interest in fine art. People who had interest in such art were penniless. The war ended, I took my American wife back to Germany with me, hoping to mend the broken fragments of our lives, hoping to find in Germany a chance of regaining economic independence. What a fool I was!

This is still a story—the story of Adolf Hitler, but Germany had to wait

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a long while for him to come, and for an understanding of the man one must understand the condition of my country at that time—conditions which fairly shrieked aloud for such a man. So bear with me.

I went back to the land of my fathers. It was 1921—a black year for what was left of Germany. We went to Munich and moved into a small apartment in the section known as Schwabing—the Montparnasse of Munich. I felt a stranger in a strange land. This was little like the Germany of my fathers. This was in fact no Germany at all. My countrymen had lost their profile of personality—they were merely tiny units which, together, composed a shapeless, jellylike mass.

Germany's Darkest Hour

Their chief characteristic was—apathy. They felt that the leaders they had trusted had betrayed them. They accepted new leaders and when they too proved unworthy put in their places men who were equally dishonest. Morality was at a low ebb, for self-respect had flown and Germany was a tame bear, sick, bewildered, being led about by scheming tricksters. Germany was like the horse which ran up against a stone wall, not because it was blind but because "it just didn't give a damn."

There were no Germans left in Germany. There were Saxons, there were Prussians—but there were no Germans. Foreigners were playing gleefully with the money markets, making the mark jump through a hoop and making it do any tricks which suited their purpose. Germany had a sign around her neck which read "Self-Surrender & Co." Many of the foreign correspondents in Berlin write of the present situation without even knowing of the past. They write of the result without knowing the cause. They see the cure without having seen the cancer. Unless you look at the present through the eyes of the past, your vision is apt to be distorted.

In those days endless new parties were being created. A German had to choose then. He could choose the empty nationalism of the wordy and outmoded war officers and noblemen, or he could choose the grafting, self-seeking, self-styled democrats. I, who had seen democracy really work in the United States, could only laugh at this pitiful caricature which was offered to my people. But I was an artist. I had no interest in politics, though my heart was heavy when I contemplated the state of my country.

I tried to tell myself: "Hanfstaengl, this is no affair of yours. You are a musician, a writer—not, God knows, a politician." So to take my mind off the horrible present I delved into the past and began work on a life of Ludwig II, the so-called Mad King of Bavaria, who died so mysteriously in 1886. He was drowned, you recall, in the Lake of Starnberg near my native Munich. I talked to opera singers who had known him; to servants who had been with him. I went to Hohen Schwann Gau, to Linderhof, to Neu Schwanstein. I became absorbed in facts surrounding the mysterious life and the mysterious death of this misunderstood man. And then fate intervened. It intervened by means of a telephone call from Berlin. It was from an old Harvard classmate of mine and he said that a friend of his was to be in Munich for a few days, a military attaché named Captain Truman Smith. Would I show him the sights? A bit ungraciously I assented—and then I met Captain Smith.

Smith owned the most inquisitive mind I have ever known. He was always asking himself "Why?" and then going on to find the answer. Clever, handsome, intellectually detached so that his vision was clear—I immediately fell under his charm. He had a brilliant war record and a devil-may-care spirit that led him always to the place where there was action. My only objection to him, a minor one, I will admit, was the fact that he was a Yale man. " 'Tis a silly country—this Germany of yours," Smith said in his delightfully impudent way, in his unforgettable husky voice. "I understand that the great general, Ludendorff, is living here in Bavaria, an exile from his native Prussia. As far as I can gather his only offense is that he claims to be a German—not a Prussian."

He wandered about the city for several days and at night we would talk over what he had seen. One night he came to my apartment and his eyes were shining. There was a subdued excitement in his manner which I had never seen before.

"Hanfstaengl, I have just met and spoken to the damnedest man," he told me. "A man named Hitler. Do you know him?"

"Hilpert?" I answered a bit contemptuously. "Just another one of those self-appointed leaders. He is the local leader of the Hugenberg faction here in Munich."

"Hitler, not Hilpert," Truman Smith fairly shouted. "Have you never heard of him?"

"No," I laughed. "Is he another medicine man offering panaceas for all ills? I have met such in Montana. Germany is overrun with them, Smith. They are all trying to feather their own nests."

"Hanfstaengl," Smith said solemnly, "this Hitler may be impractical. He may be a visionary—but I will stake my life that he is sincere. He was only released from jail two days ago and again he's speaking. His followers are few but I have never seen such men in Germany. They are a determined lot and this man is a great talker."

"We have so many talkers, Smith," I said. "What does this Hitler of yours promise?"

"Nothing," Smith snapped. "That is what amazed me. He says: 'I cannot save Germany from the suffering caused by the wounds made by the lash of French militarism. We—we Germans are being hit but for God's sake let us stand up and be hit in the face—not in the back.' "

"And what does he know about being hit?" I asked, not very much impressed.

"He was wounded twice during the war," Smith said. "He said this in his first speech today: 'Only by fighting can we Germans save our country. Only by fighting can we regain our self-respect. Only thus can we face the shadows of two million dead soldiers without cringing. As yet unborn citizens will judge whether or not we have kept faith with those dead. They must not be given a chance to judge us harshly. Germany lost the war—but Germany went down fighting.' "

"I have not heard that kind of talk since I returned from America," I said to Smith.

"Nor have I," he said. "But enough of Hitler. I was going to hear him tonight, but I find I must return to Berlin. A friend gave me a press ticket. Perhaps you can use it."

I did use it. I attended the Hitler meeting that night out of sheer curiosity—but with no hope in my heart. I, too, was beginning to feel the general apathy that had overtaken the mass of my people. The meeting was at the Münchner Kindl Keller—in America we would call it a beer cellar. The chairman of the meeting was a man named Anton Drexler, rather stout, pompous, well-meaning but a bit ridiculous—the kind of man who is always introducing others but who is never introduced himself. On the platform were several local people I recognized—the audience was a nondescript crowd, a typical beer-hall gathering of men who were there out of sheer desperation. I regretted coming. I would have been happier at home working on my book (that book incidentally, never has been finished).

Then Drexler introduced Adolf Hitler. He didn't look very impressive standing there in repose. That is, until you noticed his eyes. He had clear blue eyes and in them there was neither guile nor fear. There was honesty; there was sincerity; there was a hint of scorn.

Then he began to speak. More of a musician than anything else, I could only interpret his speech musically. He spoke mezzo voice, quietly, soothingly, at first. His hands never stopped moving and they fascinated me—as the hands of Fritz Kreisler had fascinated me. He had all of the effectiveness—but none of the tricks—of the trained orator. Within three minutes I felt the man's absolute sincerity and love for Germany. Within ten I had forgotten everything else but the words which that man was quietly dropping into the consciousness of everyone present—words which burned all the more for their softness; words which lashed us as men who had failed in a great responsibility.

What Hitler Promised

Kreisler, you know, never comes to the end of his bow. He always leaves just the faint anticipation of a tone yet to come. Then suddenly those overtones are forgotten in a surge of dazzling, beautiful notes which march triumphantly toward a crescendo. Hitler was like that.

He completely mesmerized that audience—without paralyzing it. Only a hopeless cynic could doubt the sincerity of the man. Why, he was voicing the unuttered thoughts of millions of Germans, men and women.

"You have forgotten your dead—you people of Germany," he whispered and it was as though that whisper came from the dead themselves. Smith was wrong. He had said that Hitler promised nothing. Hitler promised—a return of self-respect, a magnificent reward indeed to the poor clods that we Germans had become.

When he finished I walked to the platform to shake his hand. I introduced myself. "I do not know you, Herr Hitler," I said, "but I agree with ninety-five per cent of what you say."

"We will not quarrel about the five per cent wherein we disagree," he smiled.

He spoke constantly, whenever he could get an audience. I heard him again and again. I became his disciple as thousands of others did, but yet even we never thought that he would eventually be able to tear down the wall of corruption, ignorance and cowardice which separated Germany from its ancestors—ancestors who had known neither corruption, ignorance nor cowardice.

My friends in Munich laughed at me. "He follows Hitler, the fool," they'd laugh and I'd tell them to go and hear Hitler themselves. Many went—all who went became converted.

Then came 1923. Hitler had become powerful. He and General Ludendorff led the so-called Ludendorff Putsch. It was a glorious failure. It brought the attention of all of Germany to Hitler and to his still small but determined body of followers. Hitler had to flee. He was too powerful now to ignore and the authorities went after him.

My wife and I hid Hitler in our Uffing home. For three nights he stayed with us—then the police found out. He was hurled into jail, sentenced to fourteen months at Landsberg on Lech. Hermann Goering, later destined to be Prime Minister of Prussia, lay on what all thought was his deathbed in Innsbruck with three bullets in his body. The party was scattered, disorganized, in danger of extinction. They were sad days for real Germans.

It was during this period that I received a communication from the secretary of my class at Harvard, asking for a note to put in the annual class book. I wrote: "I still have faith in Hitler and the future of his platform. I believe that he and his platform will save Germany."

Hitler? Who was he? People in America had hardly heard of him as yet. Last month when I attended the 25th annual reunion of my class at Cambridge, I saw what I had written in that class book. I felt that I had been truly a prophet.

Little was heard of national socialism during those months which followed. The party published a little newspaper—our only voice now that Hitler's voice was stilled. To keep publishing this paper we needed faith and credit. Meanwhile Hitler was writing a book in prison, *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle). With that strange faith in his destiny that has always characterized him, Hitler suggested to us that we pledge the profits from this book and use these anticipated profits as collateral. Shaky collateral that. Still, we found printers who had faith and they helped us keep the party alive. But it seemed a hopeless struggle. This was

Adolf Hitler: "Like President Roosevelt, he has given Germany a 'new deal' and new hope"

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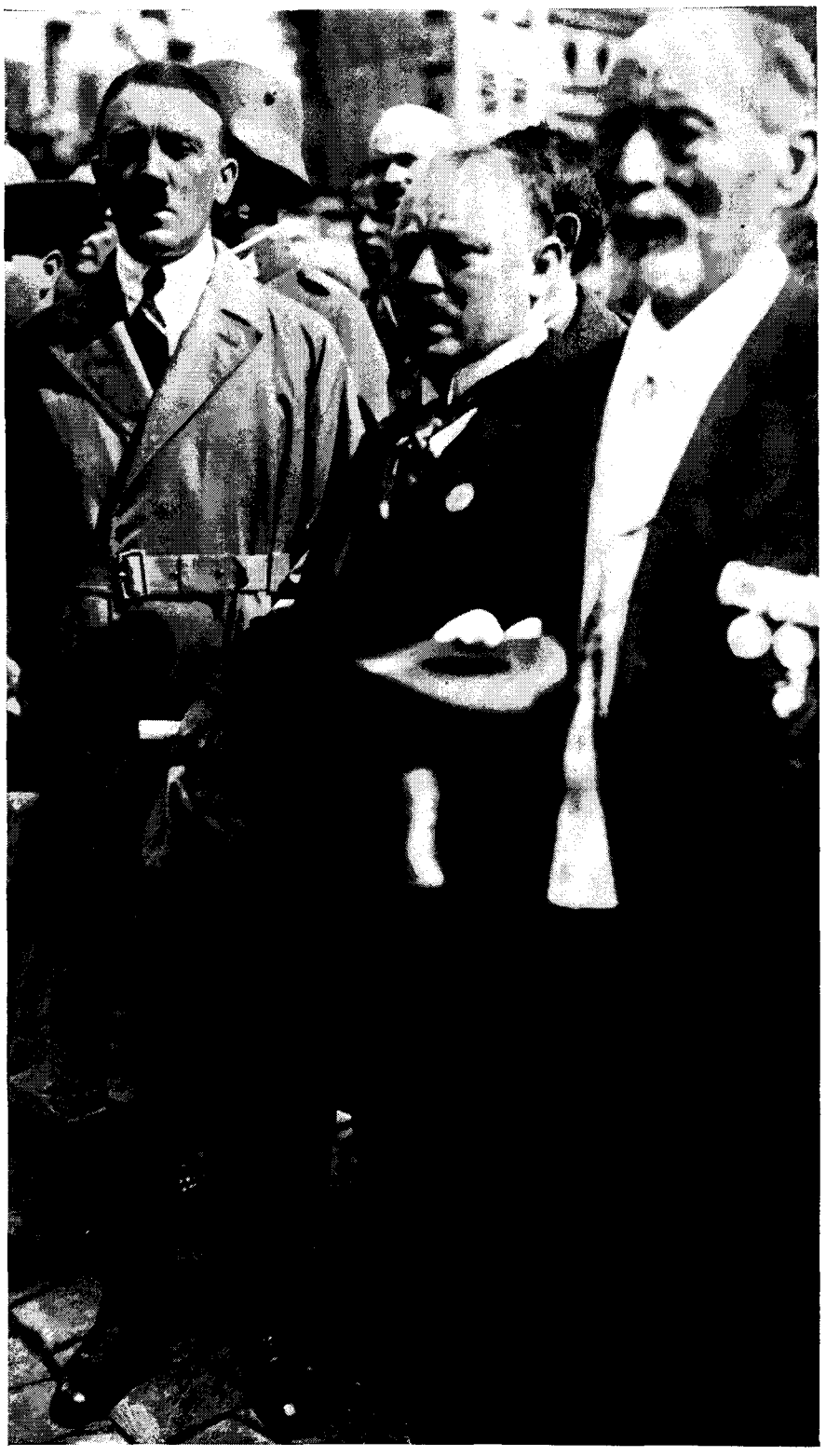

In 1923, at the time of the "Ludendorff Putsch," Germany first became conscious of Adolf Hitler and his National Socialists

Dr. Hanfstaengl at his class reunion at Harvard

the summer of 1924. Hitler in prison. Goering now in Stockholm recovering from his terrible wounds. Unemployment held Germany in its grip.

The fall passed and winter set in. It snowed Christmas Eve—the prospect of a white Christmas gladdened the heart of my wife and my three-year-old youngster Egon. Adolf Hitler walked into my home Christmas Eve. He was absolutely penniless; he was gaunt from the long months of imprisonment and signs of suffering etched his face. He had come directly from prison to my home.

It was to be the first Christmas that my boy would understand.

Then—"What now, Hanfstaengl?" Hitler asked.

"You will go on. Your party still lives," I told him. "I have something for you—a good-luck talisman. It is an autograph of Frederick the Great. He once sat beside a broken drum. He was once in the depths of despair after his defeat on the field of battle. But today Germans worship his memory and glory in his achievements."

Hitler took the autograph of Frederick. Hitler looked at me and his eyes had that same clarity, that same fearlessness they had when I first saw him.

"Will you play the last part of the third act of Tristan?" he asked. He hadn't heard music during his days in prison. He hungered for music.

I played Tristan as I never played before. I knew that I was playing to a tortured soul that was aching for a country which even then was being betrayed. I finished.

"Thank you," he said. Then: "Good night."

Triumph of an Ideal

Now the sparks he had ignited took hold. They fired the enthusiasm of the country. Like a wild fire, national socialism spread. The man who promised nothing but the return of Germany to Germans was the hero of the hour. Thousands flocked to his banner. Germans were marching again, marching toward self-respect.

"The greatest hell there is," Hitler cried, "is in the heart of a man who wants to work but cannot find work to do."

Germany was marching again but not toward war—except a war on poverty, on crime, on immorality, on corruption. Men breathed again. Men looked their neighbors in the face. Men were proud to be Germans again. The war was beginning to be a mad nightmare that had come and gone.

"No country in the world is rich enough," Hitler cried, "to conquer another by war, for no country can repay another for its dead."

And Hitler triumphed. Now the searchlight of the world was placed upon him. His life was scrutinized and every incident in it bared to the light. In vain his enemies looked for a weakness in his personal armor. He neither smoked nor drank. He, even now, leads the life of an ascetic. He is at his desk at nine—and he seldom leaves before midnight. Even his enemies admit that his personal life is above reproach. I am talking now of enemies—not propagandists.

I think that no man alive works as hard as Hitler does. Where he gets the energy, the stamina, the patience, I do not know. He never plays. He has no time. He has dedicated his life to Germany.

When he arrives at his office in the morning he is given a list of the appointments made for him during the day. He has a rule. He never allows his secretaries to allot more than twenty-five minutes to a visitor. "There is so little time—and so much to do," he says.

You enter his office and start talking. You talk fast and no matter how intricate and how complicated the problem you bring—the Chancellor follows you. He has the gift of being able to concentrate intensely. You finish—he nods—and you leave. During his hours at his office he is a dynamo, a machine.

He seldom relaxes until midnight. Even at lunch he is listening to the talk of the men around him. They discuss current problems and Hitler listens. Weeks afterward he will amaze you by reminding you of some opinion you had expressed between courses. Lunch to him is not even a breathing spell between stretches of work. And his lunch will consist of but a few vegetables. He is a strict vegetarian—he drinks no alcohol, not even beer—and he doesn't smoke.

Usually he is at the office until late at night. I was having a party at my home one evening. It was what we call in Berlin a *Bierabend.* It was a friendly, convivial gathering of diplomats, government officials, actors, writers and several of the foreign correspondents who are stationed in Berlin. It was one o'clock. The phone rang. It was the Chancellor.

"What are you doing, Hanfstaengl?" he asked. "Are you too tired to come and play for me?"

I hurried to the Chancellery, for then he lived right there in the building where he had his office.

I knew that he hadn't had much rest for a week. His face was drawn and lines of fatigue showed. He had gotten to the breaking point, I thought.

"Play anything," he asked and he sat in a big chair.

Music Hath Charms—

I played his favorites. I played Puccini and Verdi. I played Schumann. I played music that would rest him, that would quiet him. Often I play Wagner for him but not at one o'clock in the morning. Then, finally, I looked up from the piano. The Chancellor was relaxed ready for sleep. I left and rejoined my party.

I have taken considerable good-natured joshing from my classmates about my piano-playing. It has been printed that the Chancellor likes my playing and my Harvard friends who knew me as a rather inept thumper of college tunes have laughed. I am not a great pianist. There are many in Germany greater than I. However, the Chancellor does like my playing.

Not long ago a great Italian musician came to Berlin and the Chancellor heard him play. The man was a great technician—a perfect pianist.

"Now do you still like Hanfstaengl's playing after hearing that man?" a friend asked Hitler laughingly.

"I would rather hear Hanfstaengl play a hundred wrong notes than hear that man play one right one," the Chancellor said.

He is hungry for music, the Chancellor, and it takes the place of amusement, sports, relaxation and often sleep with him.

To me, Hitler is a very great bridge builder. First he had to build a bridge between the different factions in his own party. Now he is building a bridge—and the building is well on its way—between the different classes, groups and schools of thought in Germany.

Like all Germans, he has seen enough war. He has seen enough suffering. Like President Roosevelt, he has given Germany a "new deal" and has given Germany new hope for the future.

Hitler and his government have been vigorous in their prosecution of those who for so many years looted Germany. Hitler was a surgeon destined by fate to cut off the dead branches from the tree that was Germany so that the tree could take on new life.

For years and years rotten disorganizing forces had been working for their own ends in Germany, leeches feeding on the body politic of Germany. The Jews in Germany had so overwhelmingly associated themselves with these disorganizing forces and had so enthusiastically embraced the rôle of pacemaker for Bolshevism that to cure the body the surgeon had to cut off the leg.

This, then, is a brief picture of what we Germans see when we look backward to those frightful days after the war. I am speaking merely as a German, as one of sixty-five million, as a German who feels with the great mass of the people that Hitler has saved the country of our fathers. We Germans look ahead with confidence to the future. If misfortune comes we will face it. If we are hit "we will be hit in the face—not in the back," for that is our heritage, a heritage once taken from us but restored by Adolf Hitler.

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If you can have the Moon—

Everybody with or contemplating a past should read this story. It explains what to do about yesterday's girl when she turns up tomorrow

By Marion Baxter Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The sudden urgency puzzled her, but she couldn't help a feeling of pleasure

JERRY knocked the ashes from his pipe lazily, and decided it was time to get going. But he was comfortable where he was, and he slumped back in his chair to think it over a while. He was too comfortable, he felt, to bestir himself and go to a party. He was fed up with parties—he'd been to so many of them. There was no glamour any more. It was better at home, where you could do as you pleased, and be yourself.

But parties, it seemed, went on and on. People asked you because you were a pleasant and supposedly eligible young bachelor. You were obliging, and you went. You got increasingly fed up as time passed, but still you went. To refuse meant only explanations and unpleasantness. It was simpler, in the long run, to go.

He glanced at his watch again, and got slowly to his feet. Elsa liked you to be on time, and Elsa was a good friend of his. This supper party of hers he understood to be something rather special—in some particular someone's honor, and he was the someone's partner. With a final regretful glance at the comfort he was leaving, he got into his hat and coat and went out to his car.

Ten minutes later he'd forgotten comfort and party alike. His lassitude was gone. His indifference had vanished like smoke blown by the wind. In that few minutes he had stumbled, unwittingly, on the particular bit of his past which, for him, made history.

HE WAS coming out on the somewhat deserted back road, past the Club, to make time. He saw a car standing at the side of the road, and someone near it. But it was getting dark, and he was almost abreast of it before he realized it was a woman, looking anxiously up and down the road. He slowed down at once. The next moment he recognized her. It was years since he'd seen her, but it might have been yesterday.

"Hello, Marcia," he said, his voice as casual as he could make it.

She stared at him through the gathering dusk, seeing only a pleasant-looking young man, black-haired and blue-eyed, smiling at her amiably. Then with recognition came a quick smile. "Jerry Heath!" she said, relief in her voice. "Is it you? I'm so glad."

He got out of the car, hearing his heartbeats loud in his ears. "What," he wanted to know, "is the trouble?"

"I think it's the axle."

He got into the car and tried it, listening. "Yes," he said. "That's what it seems to be." He let his eyes rest on her.

"But what shall I do, Jerry?" she asked, frowning a little. "I've got to get home—I have guests coming."

He hesitated. He knew what she meant, and he knew he wanted to do it. But he set his mind stubbornly. He would not get involved again. That chapter in his life was closed, and he was going to leave it so. "I'll send someone back—" he began. But his eyes were still on her, and he saw how her hair shone, palely gold, in the fading light. Her skin, tanned by the summer sun, was only less golden than her hair. Her eyes seemed browner than they used to be. Her throat looked softer, warmer. "I'll take you," he heard himself saying. "Where do you live?"

"Ardmore. But it's a long way, Jerry—you were going somewhere—"

"It can wait."

She looked at him closely as he helped her into his car. He was more attractive than she remembered him. The mustache, maybe. Or perhaps because he was older, more casual. At any rate, this was luck.

She settled herself comfortably, and began to talk. She didn't say, "Like old times, isn't it?" Instead, she ignored the intervening years as though they had never been, and took up the thread, without preface, where she had dropped it.

"Why haven't you come to see me?" she wanted to know. Jerry made no answer, but kept his eyes on the road ahead, and she shrugged lightly. "There wouldn't be any harm in it," she added, and something in the way she said it suggested, even promised, all the harm in the world.

There was a pause. Then, "You have a husband, haven't you?" he asked quietly.

There was amusement in her voice. "Does that matter?"

"Doesn't it?"

"I've never told him about you."

"And you wouldn't now."

She laughed a little. "Probably not."

"I see." He saw perfectly. Seven years ago, when he wanted so desperately to marry her, he hadn't seen so clearly. Not even when, without warning, she'd married someone else. But he saw now.

"Why so intense about it?" she was asking. "Are we getting noble?"

He shrugged. "Not that. I simply don't care for—messes."

That summed it up, for him. Getting involved with a married woman, for all it was taken lightly enough these days, was bound to be something of a mess. He avoided it instinctively. Whether it was a matter of morals, or simply of good taste, he didn't know. But he knew it went against the grain with him, and he refused, stubbornly, to be drawn in.

Marcia was still talking. "You shouldn't mind, Jerry," she was saying, a faint mockery edging her voice. "You ought to be used to it now."

"Meaning what?" he asked, looking at her quickly.

But she was smiling her slow, disarming smile. "Oh—nothing. I see it in the paper occasionally—you and Mrs. Johnny Wilding, you and Mrs. Freddy Westover, you and someone else. Going here and there."

"Oh—that." He laughed. "Their husbands are my friends—I simply proxy for the husbands once in a while."

"I see." The suggestion of a smile narrowed her eyes. "Proxy for the husbands—"

He let it go. He knew he might as well. She never had seen things the way he did, and she never would. And even as he realized it, he knew, with a sense of finality, it didn't matter in the least. She would always be able to do this to him. He felt her shoulder, close against his. He saw her hands, lying ungloved in her lap. He wanted to reach out and touch them. He felt her eyes on his face, and he turned his head slowly and looked at her.

Afterward he couldn't remember clearly what they'd talked about. Maybe they hadn't talked. He remembered only disconnected, irrelevant things. How her hair swept back, smooth and shining, from her face. How he felt suddenly, vitally, exultantly alive again. How she was flung against him when the car swerved, and how, laughing about it, she stayed there. How her lips denied, and her eyes promised. How his heart pounded, and his blood raced.

It was over in an hour. They drew up before her house, and she got out. But she stood there, her hand on the door. "Come in, Jerry—this will turn into a party. I need an extra man—my husband isn't home."

He looked away to avoid her eyes. "Sorry, Marcia—I have a date."

"Come back later, then," she insisted. "Or drop in at the Tavern—we'll end up there."

He started the motor. "If I can. Don't count on me."

"I'll look for you." He felt himself flushing under the steady gaze. He was suddenly young and awkward, and quite unable to say goodby. When he got the words out finally, and started off, she watched him go with an odd smile in her eyes. She knew it wasn't goodby.

HE DROVE fast. The sense of speed was a relief. It seemed to cool, for the moment, the spreading fire that burned in him. It had never quite gone out, he realized now—the old fire. It had lain smoldering all the years, needing only the spark to set it off again. One sight of her, one hour with her—and the years between were swept away like clouds scattered by the sun. He was back, in that hour, where he had been the night he met her. The hot, heady night, seven years ago. He remembered it so well. Remembered his own amazement when he saw her. Remembered the dizzy ecstasy of being with her. Remembered how she flamed, incredibly, for a brief summer in his sky, and then as suddenly went out. Still remembered the sense of unbelieving shock when he heard she'd married.

He shook himself restlessly. All that had been so long ago. It wasn't in the cards that it should flare up again now. Now, when he was settled, and single, and content. He was sure of his content. He had never, in all the years since Marcia, found anyone else he had the least desire to marry. The rest of his crowd had paired off, gradually, till he was the only one left. At first his bachelor state had caused them concern, but now they liked it, especially the women. He was a convenient escort in

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the occasional absence of a husband; he flirted with them gallantly when they felt like flirting; provided the always welcome, always desirable extra man at parties. He had become something of an institution with his crowd. He was quite sure he wouldn't have it different. Or he had been—until today.

WHEN he arrived at Elsa's, they were halfway through supper. "Why did you bother, Jerry?" Elsa greeted him, coldly.

He tried to look sorry. "Something happened, Elsa," he began earnestly, "that happens only once in seven years." He looked at her hopefully.

"An eclipse, no doubt."

"Something like that. About as unavoidable, anyway."

She was unbending. "Well, sit down—everything's ruined. Here next to Pat, if she'll be bothered with you."

He grinned and sat down. Elsa's barbs were lost on him tonight. He took a quick look at the girl beside him. Swell, he decided. But he hardly saw her. Anyone would have looked swell to him tonight, the way he felt.

"Be bothered with me, Pat," he said, grinning at her.

She smiled back. "Of course," she answered, "Anyone who's seen an eclipse."

They were greeting him noisily. His excitement seemed to spread among them subtly, making them gay, mildly noisy. The pitch had suddenly heightened. The party had caught on.

Jerry began his supper. "You're a surprise, Pat," he said to her, confidentially.

"You're a disappointment," she answered, in the same tone.

"How's that?"

"You're not as represented—by your pals here." She made an inclusive gesture.

"Be specific, please."

"Very well. You are, they tell me, practically middle-aged—"

"Yes."

"Hopelessly settled—"

"Yes."

She shrugged. "What about it, Jerry?" she asked. "Do we go on from here?"

"Without feelings or enthusiasms—"

"Is that all?" he broke in, grinning.

"No—there's more. Shall I go on?"

"Don't. You're turning my head."

He was having a fine time. He liked the kidding, liked the girl. He hadn't enjoyed a party so much in years. But in his heart he knew it wasn't the party, nor even the girl. It was that exulting sense, pounding in him, of having come alive again. The consciousness that he had found, even though it was still beyond his reach, something he had lost. The feeling, hardly realized as yet, that it was probably not beyond his reach after all.

HE KEPT pushing the thought away. He wanted to forget it, before it got a hold on him again. He wished this party could go on and on.

But it came to an end. "Just when I'm getting somewhere with you," he said to Pat, grinning at her. They were still dancing. "But I can take you home," he added quickly. "Get your things." It would keep the evening going a little longer.

Pat was protesting. "I live too far, Jerry. If you'll take me to a train, I can taxi—"

"I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

"Ardmore."

The word fell, cold and solitary as a stone, into the pool of his consciousness. Ardmore.

"I'll take you," he repeated, his heart pounding suddenly. "It's a swell night to ride."

He watched her come down the stairs. He noticed for the first time, consciously, how slim and lithe and young she was. How her short hair curled, crisp and gold-brown, close to her head. How coolly gray her eyes looked, with the lashes making a black fringe around them. But he knew it didn't matter to him, and he couldn't make it matter. With his mind he paid full and willing tribute to her loveliness. In his heart he saw, instead, hair palely gold, eyes warmly brown— He hadn't, yet, begun his defenses.

ONCE in Jerry's car, the party spirit left them. They rode for a while in silence, through the crisp night that was white with moonlight, under a sky studded with cold autumn stars. And when they began to talk, the mood had changed. It was quiet, serious talk. They found common likes, and common dislikes. Golf, for them, was in, and bridge was out. There were dogs, and sailing boats, and Masefield. They began to feel a comfortable sense of common sympathy.

But ahead of them the Tavern came into view, ablaze with lights and etched sharply against the darkness. Jerry's mind jammed. He thought he had forgotten the Tavern, but he knew it had only lain, waiting, at the back of his mind. He turned suddenly to Pat.

"How far do you live?" he asked her.

"A mile or so. Why?"

A mile. After he dropped her, he'd be coming back, alone, past the Tavern. . . . He began his defenses.

"Come and have coffee," he said suddenly, "in the Tavern. We can talk."

When they opened the door, the noise blared at them suddenly. The place was small, blue with smoke, hot with the smell of hamburgers and coffee.

"Nice, quiet spot," Jerry commented. "We can talk if we shout." His eyes went swiftly around the room. Marcia wasn't there. Relief swept over him.

They were back at their table after dancing when a crowd from one of the private booths pushed past on their way out. Someone stopped, and Jerry, even before he looked up, knew who it was. He got slowly to his feet.

(Continued on page 47)

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The Roving Guardsman

The story of a girl who danced with the perfect partner—and was wiser than some dancing girls of whom we've read

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

SNUGGLING in the hills of the Kickapoo, the village of Burton once boasted a carnival on a Saturday night in July. But it failed. In the moonlight, roads lead from all the little towns and farms of the valley to one popular amusement on Saturdays in July. A hot little orchestra, fresh from triumphs in communities beyond the river, troops over the hills in the summer to enchant four villages on four successive Saturdays before it is out of driving distance. The young people who can raise a dollar follow it around from town to town.

Perhaps it's too bad it is lost there in the Kickapoo, and its Nordic violinist, and saxophonist, and pianist, and the pale one who emphasizes the after-beat on the drums will eventually go to work in gas stations and stores and grain elevators. They are cupped in the hills of the Kickapoo, and the producers from the city will never find them.

The last Saturday in July, Enar Olson's Roving Guardsmen usually play Burton. Burton is not much of a town, if you should want to grade it according to what it puts out or takes in. Burton never bothered to have a Chamber of Commerce, because there is nothing in its past to talk about, nor much hope for its future. It has a river, though, a wide river, which moves smoothly along, only pausing in its beauty to make an old mill go. Back of Burton the hills of the Kickapoo would be mountains in New England, for they march straight up, all lovely and green, to the sky; and a mile north of town there's The Barn.

With everybody for miles around living in the placid beauty of the Kickapoo country for twelve months a year, going only now and again to the movies, and once in a great while to an ordinary barn dance, or fishing sometimes in the river, or falling in love, with music, and getting married without it—but with nothing else happening except the seasons, and the crops, and all that hard work—you can imagine how they would receive a hot little orchestra like Enar Olson's.

Or imagine those girls—those girls who can't sleep more than an hour after sunrise, or stay awake two hours after sunset, unless there's some excitement—imagine how they feel about Enar! Just to have Enar coming to town for a Saturday night gives them something to live for. The first year Enar played the Kickapoo country he—all unconsciously—broke up thirty-two of those understandings that pass for engagements without ever saying more than "Hello, how are you?" to the girls. He was always aloof to town girls.

The Kickapoo is all peace, and simplicity, and muted music of nature, and somehow Enar represented turmoil, and hilarity and noisy, bright places, to girls like Dagmar.

THE first time Dagmar ever saw him was after she had graduated from high school and got herself engaged to Hjalmar Larson. You couldn't say that Hjalmar was exactly exciting, but he looked good on Sundays. And he could work for sixteen hours, and go out and get drunk for three hours, and still turn up in the morning with a mysterious glow of health about him—and do another full day's work without showing the strain. He was the hired man.

But it is easy to see the difference between a hired man who goes somewhere and gets drunk and a band leader whom nobody knows at all anything about.

Enar's hair was whiter than Hjalmar's, but he wouldn't let the barber use clippers above his ears, and Enar was smaller than Hjalmar, but he was graceful, and he wore black-and-white shoes. Enar had never spoken to Dagmar, and Hjalmar talked in a slow way all the time.

Dagmar didn't think she could ever get to know Enar, or anybody like him; she only hoped that, for a few more summers, she could go to dances where the Roving Guardsmen played. So far as she could see there was no chance to get out of the valley and meet people. The dances were as much as she could reasonably hope for.

But she split over it with Hjalmar, anyway.

Somehow, a girl with ambitions couldn't give in too quickly to Hjalmar after seeing a man like Enar. So Dagmar said:

"You can take me to dances and movies," she told him, "but you don't need to think about weddings. I ain't ready yet."

Of course, this news came as a blow to Hjalmar. Whenever there had been anything to go to, for three years, he had taken her. He had already kissed her seven times. After the first time he had told it all around—what was going to happen—and after the second time he began to save his money.

The last few times Hjalmar had kissed her he had taken things so much for granted that Dagmar felt as if she would have to get a divorce to break it up.

IT WAS after an Enar Olson dance that she split it.

He didn't know that she decided to do it while they were dancing close to the orchestra, just at the moment that Enar Olson ran a pale hand over his smooth, oiled hair. She felt of the work-crust on Hjalmar's hand, as they were dancing, and thought up what to say to him afterward, on the way home.

There was not much difference, however. He took her around exactly as before, the only difference being that the understanding wasn't mutual any longer. When she had gone a year without stepping out with anybody else, it was clear to him that she had been telling the simple truth the night she said she wasn't ready yet.

What she was waiting for was the summer. She was waiting because of a movie she had seen and a novel she had read that had given her ideas. Fancy ideas. . . . She was going to make one good, hard try for something special in her life the next time Enar Olson and his Roving Guardsmen came to Burton.

Hjalmar didn't get a chance to ask her if she would go with him, though he bounced rapidly home in the flivver from town one day with the exciting news that posters in the windows advertised the first Enar Olson dance at The Barn next Saturday. He didn't get a chance to ask her, because she asked him! She had ordered a dress from a mail-order house in Chicago, and she'd known about the dance for a week.

The dress was pale rose. Her mother had brought home some stockings to match, and Saturday morning her father came back from town and surprised her with a vanity bag in the same pale color, a good, big one that would hold a comb and a brush.

That night they took the car. They weren't expected home until late, anyway—so nobody worried.

On the way a tire blew out. When they reached The Barn Hjalmar took time out to wash his dirty hands and face. Dagmar didn't mind, because she could stand near the dance floor and wait for him; it gave her a chance to smell her perfume, and listen to the music, and watch Enar Olson making graceful motions with his baton.

WHEN Hjalmar came back his face was flushed, and the skin was red around the pale lashes of his eyes. He had put down some alcohol and hot water and sugar. It may be that even after they realize Repeal in the Kickapoo, people will still prefer alcohol and hot water and sugar; at any rate, that is what they drink, and Hjalmar had had some.

Dagmar lifted the pale rose of her sleeves and they sidled to the dance floor.

Dagmar had said, herself, that she might not go so good, socially, in a city like Menominee, or Madison, or Milwaukee, but she would bet she could dance as well as any of them, even in Milwaukee.

She had a special way of dancing that was all her own. It was a good, smooth way to do it, too. She felt it in her knees when she moved to the music, and if she could go to Eau Claire or Madison, just once, and try it out at a dance she would be satisfied. This she had hinted to Hjalmar during the time that their understanding had been mutual, but he had let it pass.

She thought she would try a hint to him, now that he had been drinking a little bit. She waited until they had danced near the orchestra, then she said:

"You got a drink left, Hjalmar?"

"Ye-ah."

"Did you think of seeing if Enar Olson would like some, then I could meet him?"

"Sure," said Hjalmar.

That was how it strangely came about that she and Hjalmar sat in one of the stalls, during an intermission, with Enar Olson across from them.

Enar Olson had on white pants, and a white polo shirt, and a sash about his waist. He turned out to be a quiet, reserved young man, with good manners. He did not even sit down until she did.

Oddly enough, Hjalmar couldn't think of much to say, so Dagmar and Enar did all the talking.

Enar said:

"I noticed you dancing last year, too. You ain't bad. I'd like to dance with you, myself, sometime."

"Why don't you try it?" said Dagmar, putting her hands in her lap so that he could not see they were shaking.

"If I should try it," said Enar, looking at Hjalmar, who loomed large in the stall, "would he care?"

"We have split it up," said Dagmar.

Enar went back to the band stand. Four dances went by. Dagmar was beginning to feel tired and solemn when Enar made a come-here motion with his arm.

"HE WANTS to dance with me now," said Dagmar, in an unsteady voice.

"Sure," said Hjalmar, and let go of her.

Enar gave his baton to the violinist, stepped down from the band stand, and took her in his arms.

This might not seem so wonderful to you, but if you lived in the Kickapoo and followed that band around from barn to barn, you would know that Enar had never danced with a town girl in Burton before. The floor buzzed with the news of it and people craned their necks.

All Dagmar could think of, in the first few blissful moments, was the girl in that movie who demanded one moment of romance before she settled down. If you wanted anything from a man—or so Dagmar had interpreted the picture—you simply had to arrange for it. Times had changed and things were turned about, but romance could be had for the arranging. If you had personality and charm to begin with, after that it was up to you. . . .

"No, sir, you ain't bad," said Enar, trying a trick step.

"Wait'll I get a-hold of myself!" said Dagmar frankly. "I ain't really got my mind on it yet."

Enar must have recognized that she was an extraordinary dancer, for later on in the evening he cut in; and when the party was over, and people were

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They decided it would be easier, quicker, to slip out quietly. They put their heads together, locked their elbows and danced down the room

going home, he walked up and said:

"How about going with me? I got a party on over at Crandall."

"Tell him we will," said Dagmar to Hjalmar, and she was glad she had split it up with him before this opportunity came along.

"Sure," said Hjalmar.

Out of the enchantment of that evening this fact stood clear: Dagmar and Enar were better dancers than any two people the folks at Crandall had ever seen. The party was held in a restaurant, with the shades down, and one of those nickel phonographs made the music—but with the chairs and tables pushed out of the way it was almost as good as a dance floor. She clasped Enar's right hand with her left one, locked elbows in a way she had worked out for herself, and they danced. Most of the people at the party sat around and watched, except Hjalmar, who was taking a little nap in a booth.

The people at the party were musicians, or their friends, and though they were all from cities like Eau Claire and Menominee, they were impressed.

"She's got something new in the way she dances," said Enar to his drummer. "What is it, do you think?"

THEY couldn't figure out what it was. Dagmar knew the secret lay in the way she moved her knees, but she thought it best not to let those girls from the cities in on it.

"What I wish we could do," she said to Enar, "is practice, and then dance in one of the big cities like Wausau, or Madison, or I wouldn't even be afraid of Milwaukee."

It was a daring thing to say, and it took her breath away to say it, but Enar was calm. He murmured:

"Why not?"

Along toward sunrise she shook Hjalmar awake. They drove home.

As if what had already happened was not more than a girl could really hope for, a climax was added to it a few

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Hard-Luck Guy

Often a runner-up but never an Open champion, Bobby Cruickshank is known in locker-room and caddy house as "the hard-luck guy." But take another look. Maybe they've got it wrong

By Quentin Reynolds

HI, NELLIE!" Bobby waved his putter and smiled, and that of course is against all the rules because a National Open is a very serious thing and besides, as everyone knows, golfers have no sense of humor anyway.

"Hi, Bobby!" Nellie called back and she smiled, too, and delightful crinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes and unsuspected dimples showed themselves.

It was very disconcerting indeed, because golf players in big tournaments are mere automatons bereft of emotion—two-legged machines which wage war relentlessly against par. A golfer should think but he shouldn't feel, and to see a golfer break down in the middle of an important match, laugh gayly and wave his putter in greeting to his wife is a rare sight. When I saw this the revolutionary thought came to me that perhaps golfers were human after all and that like the rest of us mortals they led normal lives off the golf course. It was at any rate worth investigating.

Now the Bobby who waved his putter and cried "Hi, Nellie!" was Bobby Cruickshank, and the Nellie of course was the wee Scotsman's wife. It was last month at Merion, that frightful course of the white faces, and at the moment Bobby was leading the field in the National Open by a very comfortable margin. He had put two 71's together for a very gaudy 142 and no one was near him except Gene Sarazen. But around the clubhouse they were saying, "Crooky is a hard-luck guy. Something will happen and some dark horse will come through."

The Man Who Nearly Wins

Now of course we might have picked on Wiffy Cox or Al Espinosa or Paul Runyan or Lawson Little or any of the others. But for no reason at all we singled out Bobby and it was probably because of Nellie's smile when she called "Hi, Bobby!" And having met Bobby and Nellie and Elsie, who is their thirteen-year-old daughter, and having found them to be very courageous, happy and interesting people, why, I just thought you might like to meet them too.

Now Nellie sat there on the terrace of the Merion Cricket Club and she talked and you would have enjoyed listening to the soft Scotch burr of this lassie who was born in Grantown on Spey, which is hard by Edinburgh. Nellie sat there and talked and a soft breeze came and she took off her hat and the breeze made her hair dance and you were very glad indeed that it wasn't a very strong breeze because a strong breeze would have lifted Nellie up and blown her away, for Nellie is only so high and I'll bet you she wouldn't weigh eighty pounds with her husband's big bag of clubs in her lap. Nellie talked about Bobby and her talk was like the breeze that was blowing, for it flitted here and there, touching lightly on everything that had to do with Bobby, and I tell you it was mighty pleasant sitting there.

"It would be so nice if Bobby could win this tournament," Nellie twinkled. "He's been so close to it, you know."

Sure I knew. He'd just missed it twice and maybe that's why they'd been calling Bobby "hard-luck guy." In 1923 he tied with a lawyer named Jones at Innwood. Each had a score of 296 but in the play-off the lawyer named Jones (wasn't his first name Bobby, too?) shot a 76 to Crooky's 78 and the lawyer named Jones became that year's Open champion. In 1932 at Fresh Meadow Bobby was doing pretty well for himself until Gene Sarazen suddenly went crazy, shot twenty-seven holes in a hundred strokes and once more Cruickshank came in second.

But Nellie was talking again and she was telling of how she first met Bobby.

"My father was a great one for golf," she said. "He was always playing and one day he met Bobby out on the links. He and Bobby used to play together after that and he'd bring Bobby home and they'd sit there talking about the golf game. I didn't care much for golf then but Bobby taught me a lot about it and I got to love the game, and after all when you are Scotch you should love golf, shouldn't you? 'Tis a grand game indeed and you know one Saturday afternoon just thirteen years ago I played nine holes."

"And why do you remember that Saturday?"

"Because," Nellie said simply, "on Sunday Elsie was born." Just then Elsie came up and Elsie is as tall as her mother now and she's got the same pert, saucy look about her and the same twinkle in her eyes.

"Was Bobby in the war!" I asked and both Elsie and Nellie laughed.

"Was Bobby in the war?" Nellie mimicked. "Well, now I'll tell you. . . ."

Now the pleasant fairways of Merion that stretched their green softness out before us and the wicked white faces of the bunkers guarding the greens faded and we were in Belgium during the early days of the war where Private Cruickshank was stationed with the famous kilted regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders. Only eighteen he was, at the beginning, and so small that I wonder they let him enlist. Bobby served throughout the war and although his regiment was always in the midst of the festivities he was wounded only once. Hard-luck guy?

A Prisoner of War

There was no thought of golf in those days. Soon he was Sergeant Cruickshank and a grizzled veteran of twenty-one and twenty-two. It was in April, 1918, and then, you'll remember, the desperate Germans made that last magnificent but abortive drive. To the left of the Seaforth Highlanders there was a Portuguese regiment. (I'll bet you never even knew that Portugal was in the war.) Now the Portuguese regiment broke when the Germans turned on the heat and they turned on plenty of heat in that drive. The Portuguese took it on the lam, and there were the Seaforth Highlanders shivering a bit under their kilties because the morning was cold out there in the front lines.

Then the Germans eased around in back of the Scots regiment and soon the men in kilties had eaten all of their food, fired all of their ammunition and there they were—waiting to die. But the Germans didn't shoot them to bits, as well they might have, but captured them.

Bobby and his countrymen were sent to a nasty prison camp which was known to all as the Black Hole of Lille. It wasn't very much fun and they only got one meal a day and most of the time the prisoners had to stay in cells. It was a violin that saved Bobby's reason. A kindly Belgian woman came through the

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KEYSTONE

Bobby Cruickshank, family-man golfer, sinks one for his daughter, Elsie

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Your Face Value

By Marie Beynon Ray

That well-dressed look means more than a smart costume. It means a lot of scrubbing and brushing and discreet making-up—good grooming, in fact. But the results are worth the effort. Look at Gladys Swarthout, for example

SIR," says the lady, clasping her hands about one knee, "I've heard it said that if men knew how women spend their time when they're alone, they'd never marry them. Is that so?"

"Madame," replies the gentleman from the depths of his armchair, "you've come to the right party. I probably know more about how women spend the time when they're alone than any man living—except Walter Winchell. And I have no objection to the way you spend yours—with one exception."

"And what is that?"

"That you're continually washing—more like a cat than a woman. At the last moment, when we're going out, and I stand hatted, spatted, caned, gloved and carnationed, holding the door open, I hear you come pattering down the hall and say to myself, 'At last! The powder is on the nose, the hat is on the head, the perfume is on the handkerchief—now we go!' But you invariably come to a sudden donkeyish halt, whisk about, and exclaim, 'Just a moment, dear, I must wash my hands.' Then you disappear for another five minutes, although you have almost certainly washed your hands not ten minutes before. It's the sole fault in an otherwise perfect character."

"Well," sighs the lady, "there's no pleasing some men. I'm sure I spend as little time prinking—"

"Less than any other equally beautiful woman," agrees the gentleman. "Still you *did* ask me—"

The lady is Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera—and beautiful no end; and the gentleman is her husband, Frank Chapman, likewise a well-known singer—which accounts for his being at home when other men are at their offices and so knowing how his wife spends the time when most women are alone. Miss Swarthout bears up magnificently under the reputation of being the best-dressed, best-groomed woman at the Met—which is our reason for consulting her now.

Grooming Begins with the Bath

"Perhaps I *am* a bit of a fanatic about washing," admits the lady, turning to me. "Above all else I cherish the well-scrubbed look. I'd rather look well-scrubbed, well-brushed and well-polished than well-dressed. Better a last year's gown than a run in the stocking, better a plain face than an untidy head. I'm perfectly sure that Venus, the lady so widely advertised for spending one hour on the arrangement of a single hair, was as chic as she was beautiful. It's absolutely staggering, the amount of time that must be spent getting the body ready to be dressed, before you put on so much as a stocking.

"Everything I know about grooming boils down to this: to appear healthy and natural and clean; to look well-scrubbed and shiny rather than powdery and made-up; to be neat and sleek rather than astonishing. Really smart women today don't strive to look strange. One of the smartest women I know, who has enough personality to look as remarkable as she pleases, pleases to look so quiet and simple that it's a bit confusing to the uninitiated. On a crowded thoroughfare she'd pass unnoticed—but in any group of sophisticated people she'd cause a little ripple of approval. She hasn't touched up her hair, which is gray although she's still young, and her make-up is conspicuous by its absence. It's there, I know, but I can't *see* it.

"Grooming begins with the bath. I hold out for two baths a day, one in the morning, one before dressing for dinner—*if* I dine. Sometimes, of course, I just sandwich. A bath just isn't a bath, to my simple mind, without a perfect orgy of suds and pine salts, a cold shower and a rub-down with eau de Cologne. As for my face, if it were Borglum's rendering of the countenance of the Father of Our Country, hewn from solid rock, I couldn't scrub it any harder. I don't hold with this effete cult of creams at

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Do—

Look well-scrubbed and well-polished.

Wash your hair frequently and brush it unremittingly.

Have a water wave.

Use soap and water, as well as creams.

Tan, sun or sun-lamp, if tan is becoming.

Use make-up discreetly.

Don't—

Look powdery, or powder your neck and arms.

Dye or bleach your hair.

Have a marcel.

Pluck your eyebrows to a pencil line.

Use false eyelashes.

Use striking nail polishes unless your hands are conspicuously beautiful.

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Ten Bells

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

A Hollywood murder mystery, wherein a lover does too much talking and the soft-tongued James Lee, under-cover man, does just enough

YOU make me sick! What do you think I am, a sucker? Just slip me that ring and I'll be on my way. We're through!"

"But, Tommy darling, I've told you that—"

"Don't Tommy darling me! Three nights at the Coconut Grove with the louse. Five or six times at Zenger's beach house—and God knows where else. Three, four, five o'clock in the morning and nobody answers but your mother when I call you up. Party girl! Give me back that ring! I'm through! Our engagement's busted. Give me back that ring before Mercer nicks it. The perfumed frog! If I wasn't all through with you I'd blast his heart out!"

Tommy Hale grabbed the girl's left wrist and tore a half-carat diamond ring off her finger. "There! From now on enjoy yourself with Mercer and anybody that is fool enough to string along with you!"

There were tears in Sally Chapman's eyes as she began bravely enough a recital of the truth. "I went out with Pierre Mercer because he said there was a part for me in the next picture. Zenger is directing it. He told Mercer to coach me for the voice tests. We could get married on the—"

"Voice tests with a full orchestra! Voice tests in Coconut Grove—and where else? Big shot in the bedroom scenes! You make me sick! I'd give Mercer a voice test with a .38 bullet through his throat if you were worth it! You rotten little liar! Us get married on your salary contract!" Tommy Hale's mouth curled in scorn. "All-night party girl! . . . So long!"

Tommy Hale stumbled down the steps that led to the street level from Sally Chapman's second-story apartment. He proceeded to add six slugs of bourbon to the preliminary six that he had carried into the battle with him.

AT NINE o'clock next morning he carried the biggest hangover that had ever been seen in the Galaxy Productions studio. Scene Thirteen of Death for Love was all set for action. Tommy Hale, functioning as property man, was all set for trouble.

A night of nerves and tears had been Sally Chapman's dividend of anguish. "Tommy will come back to you," her mother had comforted.

"He thinks I lied to him about Mercer," the girl sobbed. "Now it's all finished."

All finished except the sequel which began in Scene Thirteen of Death for Love.

In Death for Love a lady's honor was involved, as usual. Vernon Zenger, directing the picture for Galaxy Productions, had hit upon the novel expedient of pistols for two as a means whereby the sullied name of the heroine might be restored to its pristine purity.

Walter Lodge, a visiting American running wild in Paris, had been challenged by Pierre Mercer. The duel scene had been rehearsed half a dozen times. With each rehearsal it became more evident that Death for Love was a comedy instead of a gripping drama of human hearts. With each discharge of the duelists' pistols, Vernon Zenger, the director, seemed to realize that his reputation was being riddled with bullets.

At eleven o'clock, after indulging in a loud and bitter criticism of the manner in which Walter Lodge, the visiting American, played his part, the director brushed this half of the dueling duet into a ringside seat. "I'll show you how I want it done," Zenger barked. "Give me that gun!" He grabbed the long-barreled single-shot .38 pistol from Lodge's hand.

Zenger walked over toward Tommy Hale, the property man. "Load this gun," he ordered. He beckoned to Pierre Mercer. "Bring that other pistol over here and let Tommy load it with another blank."

When the two pistols were loaded, reciting part of Rule Eighteen of the Code Duello as adopted at Clonmel in 1777, "Firing may be regulated first by signal, second by word of command," Zenger admonished, addressing Pierre Mercer and his side-tracked opponent. "The word of command is 'Fire!' It is not necessary to pull the trigger of your pistol at that instant. Take deliberate aim before you shoot. . . . Ready? Let's go. Back to back, Mercer. March away five paces and, as you face about, the seconds together will give the command to fire. Come out here—keep your right arm pointing straight down. . . . Back to back . . . five paces now. Let's go!"

Marching apart, Zenger with a stride reminiscent of the Prussian goose-step, Mercer in the easy route step of the French army, the duelists halted at the fifth pace and wheeled to face each other. "Watch this, Walter!" the director cautioned. "Take it easy, Mercer. Don't hurry, you've got to get your aim."

FOLLOWING the seconds' command to fire, Pierre Mercer lifted his pistol above his head and lowered it slowly, until it pointed finally at Vernon Zenger's heart. Approximating this action, but going through it more slowly than his opponent, Vernon Zenger's weapon lined up on Mercer's heart three seconds after the Frenchman had fired. "Deliberately, like this," Zenger admonished for Walter Lodge's benefit. "There is no hurry. Your aim must be true." With this, sighting his pistol straight at Pierre Mercer's heart, the director pulled the trigger.

Mercer's pose spoke of contempt for his adversary. His lips were curled in an expression of this contempt. In the script, following his opponent's fire, a bloodstain was to show on Mercer's left shoulder. In this rehearsal, following the bang of the director's pistol, the bloodstain showed over Mercer's heart. The expression of contempt on his face changed instantly to surprise, and then he fell, crumpled in a heap.

"That's realism," somebody on the side lines exclaimed, admiringly.

A moment later, lifting Pierre Mercer's head, listening in vain for the sound of his beating heart, Walter Lodge, who had been first to gain the side of the fallen man, looked up at the ring of startled faces. "He's dead!" Lodge announced. "That gun was loaded! Tommy must have slipped a loaded cartridge into it by mistake!"

Still holding the pistol that had brought death to Mercer, Vernon Zenger looked down at the dead man. His gaze traveled from the dead man's face to the pistol in his hand. He dropped the pistol then and lifted his trembling hand toward Tommy Hale. "You put a loaded cartridge into that gun!" he accused.

THE property man's eyes widened with astonishment. Before surprise had changed to terror, "What do you mean, loaded cartridge? There's nothing but blanks in this box," he protested. "How do you figure I could—"

Interrupting Tommy Hale, Walter Lodge, coolest of the group, waved a stop-signal at the property man. "Shut up!" he ordered. "This is going to be tough for you. You'd better not talk any more than you have to."

Wildly then, rising from beside the dead man, Vernon Zenger continued the attack on Tommy Hale. Following a barrage of profanity, "You've killed him!" Zenger yelled. "You've slaughtered him! You damned, crazy, careless murderer! . . . Somebody get a

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The girl's eyes blazed. "What are you trying to do? Didn't you tell me you were trying to save Tommy's life?"

"Sorry," James Lee said. "Three or four cigarettes and every scene would look like the Chicago fire, I suppose"

doctor. Somebody call the police. Don't stand there! Somebody lend me a hand. Carry him over to that couch. Straighten him out. For the love of God, somebody bring me a drink of whisky. I've got to get a drink. Don't let anybody leave till the police get here. I've got to get a drink!"

Zenger walked off the set. Outside of the studio he turned to his left toward the building that housed the general offices of Galaxy Productions.

IN THE San Francisco headquarters of the Hazard Guaranty Corporation James Lee Wong faced Ross Mason. The Chinese man, listed more simply on the federal pay rolls as James Lee, smiled at the vice president of the insurance company in thin but friendly sympathy. "I'm afraid you're stuck for the drinks," he said to the white man. "Outside of the owner's liability clause, the government's case is clear. The master of the ship is innocent enough. The opium and the Chinese men were smuggled in by the second officer and two of the engine-room gang. My report puts Captain Parrish in the clear."

"Your report won't clear him with the owners," Ross Mason growled. "He should have watched his crew more carefully. This will cost him his command. . . . How much will it cost us?"

"Thirty of my Chinese countrymen at a thousand dollars a head," James Lee answered. "The Treasury Department will probably slap a ten-thousand-dollar libel on the ship on account of the opium. It will probably cost you close to forty thousand dollars altogether, less your insurance premium."

Ross Mason groaned. "I'd like to pull the company out of marine risks altogether. Too much of a gamble. Look what the longshoremen in the Pacific ports have done to us."

"I'm looking at that next week," James Lee announced. "I'll have to ask you to hold what I tell you about this strike situation in strict confidence. There are some interesting angles to it."

Mason nodded. "I'll keep my mouth shut. There's some mighty expensive angles to it for us. What are you doing?"

"The Department seems to think that it would be a good idea to round up some of the big-league Communists who are out here on the Coast," James Lee confided. "I have orders to give the layout a look-see. Los Angeles is the quietest city on the Coast, consequently I have decided to begin my investigation down there."

At this, brightening for a moment, Ross Mason smiled at James Lee. "I suppose the New Deal hasn't rigged you up with a thirty-hour week by any chance?"

The government man shook his head. "I work four or five of these thirty-hour weeks every seven days—when I work."

"Still the human dynamo," Mason complimented. "Away back in the early days when I first knew you at Yale, none of us ever understood how you seemed to live without sleep."

"Good days—simple days," James Lee mused. "That was a long time ago, before life became so complicated."

"They were grand days," Ross Mason agreed. After a reminiscent moment of silence, "The company just picked up another expensive luxury in Los Angeles last week," he announced. "It's costing us two hundred thousand dollars. We wrote a blanket policy on the cast of a picture for a movie outfit. One of the actors was murdered."

"You refer to Pierre Mercer, the man whom the director of Galaxy Productions shot by accident in rehearsing a duel scene? The affair where the jealous property man slipped the loaded cartridge into the pistol instead of a blank?"

Ross Mason nodded. "It's the Mercer case. Galaxy Productions demands payment for the full amount of the policy—two hundred thousand bucks."

"That's a lot of money," James Lee said. "Movie stars seem to be worth more than smuggled Chinese."

"Jimmy, I wonder if you'd have time to look the Galaxy layout over for me." Ross Mason reached for a cigarette and lighted it.

James Lee's eyes narrowed. "Two hundred thousand dollars," he said. "It seems to me you need a banker more than you need me. Who is back of Galaxy Productions?"

"It's a one-man outfit. Lamon Ward is the man. He's president of Galaxy Productions. It's sort of a shoestring affair. They made two or three quick ones last fall. Ward is head of the outfit and Vernon Zenger is their one and only director. They release through one of the larger companies. They were about halfway through this Death for Love picture when Mercer was killed. I can't see where they stand to lose two hundred thousand."

"Is that the only angle that interests you?"

Mason looked quickly at James Lee. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much," James Lee said. "What do you know about Zenger?"

"He's an imported luxury," Mason announced. "Lamon Ward signed him up in Germany last year."

James Lee nodded. "What do you know about Lamon Ward?"

"Quite a lot," the insurance man affirmed. "He owned a shoe store in Chicago ten years ago. It blew up. He started a string of dyeing and cleaning joints and made a lot of money until some of the Chicago boys dynamited three of his places. He made a long jump out of the front line trenches of that war and landed in Hollywood. Up to three years ago he had a string of beauty parlors. He made an assignment for the creditors when beauty began to sell at a loss. Since then he's been fluttering around in the picture game one way and another. He's a two-spot in the Hollywood deck, but it looks like his bad luck with Mercer will cost the Hazard Guaranty Corporation two hundred thousand dollars."

"Sounds like he's an interesting character," James Lee commented. "I'll look him up for my own amusement while I'm in Los Angeles. I'll let you know what I think of him when I get back."

James Lee got up and held out his hand to Ross Mason. "See you next week," he said briefly. Amending this, "See you next week—unless some of the local talent in the Communist crew rig up a vacation for me."

IN LOS ANGELES following a ten-minute confidential conversation with the Collector of United States Internal Revenue, James Lee was equipped with a document that carried him safely through the outer turmoil of Galaxy Productions, straight to the private office of Lamon Ward.

Facing the producer, "I know you are a busy man, Mr. Ward, and I'll try to make our interview as brief as possible," Lee said. "I want to ask you about two or three minor items in your last year's income-tax return. It is possible that you have a refund coming from the government." Smiling at Mr. Ward, "Strangely enough the government makes mistakes now and then."

The picture man shook hands with his visitor. "That sounds like good news," he said. "Will you have a cigar?"

James Lee elected to smoke a cigar. After he had lighted it he dived into a complex dissertation wherein several

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Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN, after five years spent under the wise guidance of gentle Mother Laurence in a Canadian convent, Tamara Todhunter joins her family in San Francisco she receives a terrible shock. Her mother, a retired actress, is almost penniless; Coral, her sister, and Lance, her brother, both hoping to act, are having a hard time making both ends meet; the family's tiny flat (in a cheap theatrical rooming-house) is dilapidated and in a state of wild disorder; and Lance, temporarily jobless, is drinking heavily.

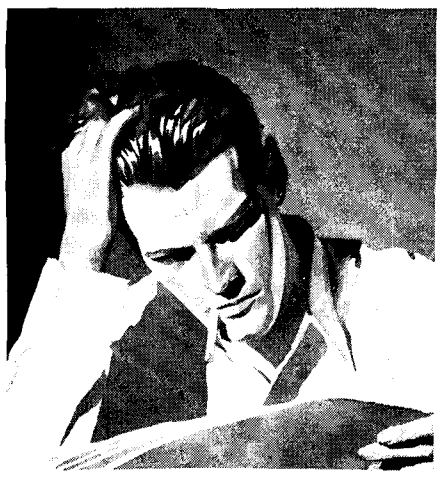
Coral, Tamara soon learns, is thoroughly irresponsible—a light, reckless girl who wants to have a "good time." When Tamara arrives, Coral is infatuated with one Houston Hickey, whose uncouth manners and rough personality seem to delight her. There is no one to turn to for comfort, advice. Mrs. Todhunter—a gay, vapid person—does not speak her language, does not understand her. Lance—dwelling incessantly on the job he will soon get from Markisohn, a power in the Coast theatrical world—is always in a drunken stupor. Coral is usually at some party or other.

Needing money desperately, longing to become an actress, Tamara meets Dolores Quinn, who is fairly well established on the stage. They become close friends; and presently Dolores promises to do what she can for Tamara.

Then Maynard Mallory appears on the scene. Well known as a near-star in Hollywood, he has come to San Francisco to see Dolores in her new play—a smashing hit. Meeting Tamara, through Dolores, he is instantly impressed by her beauty, her charm, her rare grace. And Tamara, desperately lonely, is glad to accept his attentions.

Following a back-stage visit to Dolores, they leave the theater together, step out onto the street. "Dine with me?" Mallory asks. "I'd love to," Tamara replies.

Mallory buys her some violets, pins them on her. Then: "Let's see—where shall we go? Where'd you go the last time a handsome man took you out to dinner?" Tamara smiles. "Nowhere," she says. "I've never dined with any man, *ever*." Mallory stares at her. "Honest? No fooling? For heaven's sake, where've you been?" Tamara returns his gaze. Then: "I've been in a convent in Canada. I just got home in June."



Lance

III

TAMARA TODHUNTER, hey?" Maynard said. "Was Tamara Townsend anything to you?"

"Aunt." Tamara smiled. "She was playing with Leo Dietrichstein when I was born. I was named for her."

"But you're—I know. Coral Todhunter. She was down in Culver City. Sister?"

"My sister, yes."

"Wasn't Tamara Townsend killed?"

"In Florida last year. She was awfully sweet, too. She paid for my schooling and left me five hundred dollars. And one summer she asked me to Lake Louise."

"You look like her," the man said. "I remember her. But you're twice as good-looking. Now let's see. We've got to celebrate tonight. I'll tell you—we'll go out and have dinner with Persis and Joe. You know her, you know Joe Holloway?"

"I don't know either."

"You ought to. She writes wonderful poetry—nobody's recognized it yet, but it's the best poetry any American woman—here, it's early. We'll take a car and drive out around the Cliff," Mayne said, signaling to one of the drivers who were waiting in a fringe along the north front of the square. "The Park and the Cliff House," he said, "and then to this number on Taylor."

Tamara felt suddenly very young and awkward. She did not feel equal to amusing this magnificent cavalier. Smiling, settling herself comfortably in the big seat, she told herself that he didn't have to do this—he didn't have to suggest it—he must want to—

"I SEE you have a habit of talking to yourself. What's on your mind?" the man said. "It's going to be dark in about twenty minutes—too bad. But we'll do it again some day. So you're just out of the convent, are you?"

"I graduated in June."

"I see. That makes you—?"

"Nineteen last week."

"And did you like the convent?"

"Some things I liked," Tamara answered vaguely. "But of course there were other things I didn't like so much. It was lovely, part of it."

"But they were pretty strict?" Mayne asked with enjoyment.

"Well—I guess they have to be. Some of the girls—" She left it unfinished.

"Wild, eh?"

"Well, I know one boarder was expelled this term, just before she graduated. It would have to be pretty bad to have them do that," Tamara said seriously, her round eyes fixed upon him. "It broke her heart. She told Mother Laurence she was going to kill herself."

"But that didn't make any difference to Mother Laurence?"

"No. She said it couldn't. She said Eleanor had broken the code of St. Bride's girls, and had brought it on herself."

"Carrying on with a boy, huh?" Mayne asked, with a sober, oblique glance.

"She sent him letters by one of the day scholars."

"Ha!"

"And then she told Sister Teresa that she wanted to practice the Arensky waltz that she was playing with Refugio Barrios for Commencement, and Sister Teresa let her go up to the music rooms at night and he was there."

"How'd he get in?"

"During the day sometime, and hid under the music press, they think."

"They couldn't allow things like that. Their whole school would go to pot."

"That's what Mother said. But Eleanor's dress was made and everything. She cried, and her mother cried. Her mother had promised her a new car if she graduated."

"She'll graduate in a very different school if she doesn't look sharp, will Eleanor," Mayne said, so significantly that Tamara laughed out joyfully. He had shown more sympathy already in her school experiences than Coral, Lance and her mother had extended to her in five long months.

When the dark shut down the driver stopped at the Taylor Street address; Tamara and Mayne climbed two flights of stairs to the big upper studio of the Holloways. A man in his shirt-sleeves came out on the second floor and said, "Oh, I thought it was the groceries!" and Mayne said, "That's Travers. He paints," as they went on.

In the Holloways' studio Tamara was conscious of tremendous slanting skylights, of spaciousness and shadows, easels and canvases, littered draperies and tables and odd chairs. Persis was a blonde, frail-looking woman in a blue smock; there was a hearty, square girl called Lucile, who had a deep voice, and another very small woman named Mabel. And there were six or seven men, among them Joe Holloway in his painty apron, with kind eyes twinkling above a Vandyke beard. They all seemed delighted that Mayne had come and they made Tamara heartily welcome. Presently Persis opened a door and everyone straggled across a roof to another enormous room where there were a long dining table and many chairs and an adjoining kitchen.

Tamara was by this time in a seventh heaven of delight; she never had been with people she liked so well, or in such an enchanting atmosphere. Their lazy talk seemed to her brilliant; everyone was talking all the time, they hardly gave each other a chance to finish a sentence, and yet there was a sense of keen admiration among them, keen appreciation.

An elaborate dinner was immediately under way; the preparations were not formal but Tamara thought she had never seen and smelled and tasted such delicious food. Joe was compounding some sort of a chicken stew in an enormous copper pot; it was odd, as late as seven o'clock, to see him leisurely and carefully scraping carrots and cutting celery that were to cook in it, but there was apparently no hurry and, far from feeling impatient, Tamara was conscious of wishing that all this might go on for hours.

"Do we want baked potatoes, Persis?"

"ARE there potatoes in that stuff you're cooking, Joe?"

"That *what*, my darling?"

"That—goo," Persis said simply.

"Joe, you have a garlic in that, heaven bless you," Mabel said. "I can eat garlic in anything. I could eat garlic on chocolate éclairs."

"Speaking of chocolate éclairs, where's the rest of that big chocolate cake?" a man demanded.

"It's in that cardboard hat box under the couch. Get it, Pete," Persis said. "I've not eaten any, I know. I'm getting simply gross. That's Muggy, my little boy," she added, as Tamara was seen to be looking at the half-finished portrait of a child. "He's in school. Joe and I were ruining him, and it seemed good to have someone in the family with some education, so we sent him away."

"Can you make a salad?" the man named Pete asked Tamara, bringing her a large wooden bowl in brilliant Russian lacquer, half-filled with lettuce leaves.

"Persis, you are so beautiful," Joe said, "that there should be laws about you. There should be a closed season on you!"

"I've written a poem to Persis," a man named Adams said.

They all demanded it. While Pete and Tamara consulted in low tones about the salad, Adams went to his coat to get it; they were all silent while he read it. It began:

"When Death's wings hover near you,
Persis-afraid-of-the-dark,
I shall lean over you—"

"It's lovely," Tamara said shyly to the poet, when a babel broke out at the conclusion of the two verses, and she found herself next to him.

"*She's* the marvelous thing," he said. Tamara had already discovered that everybody here adored Persis; she was the moving spirit of the whole group. The poets wrote sonnets to her and the painters painted her; she moved through them all like a lily, beautiful, untouchable, amused.

THEY went on from Arwell Adams' poem to other poems, and Tamara felt that she was drinking a heady wine. Browning and Patmore and Fiona McLeod and Dickenson and Lindsay; she was swept from her feet by a river of exquisite words.

The clock struck eight. The salad leaves now glistened brightly with oil, and the fragrance of the bubbling chicken was almost more than hunger could bear. French bread had been toasted in black ridges; everything anyone had ever thought of to eat was on the table; sticky, soft pressed figs, a third of a chocolate cake, artichokes, a great cheese into which Tamara saw one guest pour red wine before sampling it critically, brown crackers, white crackers, long-necked bottles of wine in straw braided with tufts of red and green silk.

At last hot plates were hastily distributed at all the places and Joe, scarlet of face and panting, planted the great casserole of stew in the center of the table. Everyone helped himself as rapidly as possible, and the mixture in its rich gravy smoked about the board. Voices were thicker now, and the wine and bread and salad circulated steadily.

"Agreed," said Pete loudly, "that Mayne's girl is a comely wench!"

"And hath a pretty wit," the man they called Gedge added. "Hast not, my chuck?"

Tamara laughed and flushed happily. She loved being here, even though she felt very dull and stupid among them all. She loved being called Mayne's girl, loved glancing at him to catch his half-serious smile upon her when Pete used the word. It was all extraordinarily exciting and satisfying and amusing.

"Where do you *find* these girls, Mayne?" Joe asked. He sat next to Persis, who did not speak much, but smiled at them all with her long eyes; now and then she and Joe leaned over the laden plates to kiss each other. Tamara found this oddly pleasant to see, considering that their little boy was, from his portraits, at least ten years old.

"I'll never tell you," Mayne said. "That is our horrid secret, isn't it, Tam?"

"Tam, from now on, is my favorite name," Gedge said loudly, and Tam laughed again.

After dinner—it was by now ten o'clock, they made a start at piling dishes and pots in the sink, abandoned it, and gathered—the women all together, in Persis' bedroom, where there was a gray cat, a wide, flat bed without a head or foot, and windows opening

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They went on to other poems, and Tamara felt that she was drinking a heady wine

upon a balcony over the descending hills of the city and the waterfront.

"It's the most enchanting place I ever saw," said Tamara.

"It is nice," Persis said. "Joe had to buy the building to get it. Joe's doing Senator Buck, Lucile," she said.

"I've finished both the Jackson kids," Lucile said in her deep, rough voice. "Mrs. Jackson wants me to have a show at Vikery's. But I won't do anything until I've done little Prager. I ought to go to Munich," Lucile added without pause. "I ought to do seven years' work there and learn how to paint."

"It sounds to me as if you did know how to paint," Tamara ventured timidly. Lucile looked at her with heavy brows almost touching.

"I don't know how to paint at all. I mess with crayons," she said ungraciously. "I'll tell you what, Persis, this girl's got a practically perfect face. I wish you'd sit to me some day."

"I'd love to!" Tamara agreed eagerly.

"You'd be very smart to," Persis told her. "Lucile does the most interesting crayon stuff anyone is doing today—Joe says so."

"If Joe says so," Mabel said, in her pert little finished way, "it must be true."

"Well—" Persis began, with her slow smile, and a little shrug. She fell silent, and presently they joined the men.

The group was in the studio again, but now the lights were low, and there was an open fire. Mayne got up from a long, deep couch when the women came in, and drew Tamara to sit down beside him on it, with Pete on her other side. The others scattered themselves about comfortably; cigarettes were lighted, and Adams came in with a tray of glasses and bottles.

THEN in the soft light began an hour to be forever an enchanted memory to Tamara. Someone played the piano, played beautifully; Bill—she did not know his last name—stood up and sang Mandalay and it was all she could do to keep back the tears. Little Mabel went to the piano and fingered one or two melodies tentatively before settling down to chords, runs, more chords, ballad-like snatches and the final question, "Well, who was it?"

"Adriana!" they all said together, and Adriana, who seemed to be a reporter, or to have some connection with a newspaper, nodded her dark head thoughtfully. "You're smart, Mabel," she said. "About halfway through I began to have a distinct suspicion that it was I—me—I—me—I—me—for heaven's sake someone say which it is!"

The talk raged immediately about the question as to whether a person looked badly or looked bad—whether lurid meant bright red or dull gray—whether the use of "like" for "as" by the British didn't in itself constitute good grammar—

Mabel interrupted this by crashing with incredible force into the Valkyries'

(Continued on page 32)

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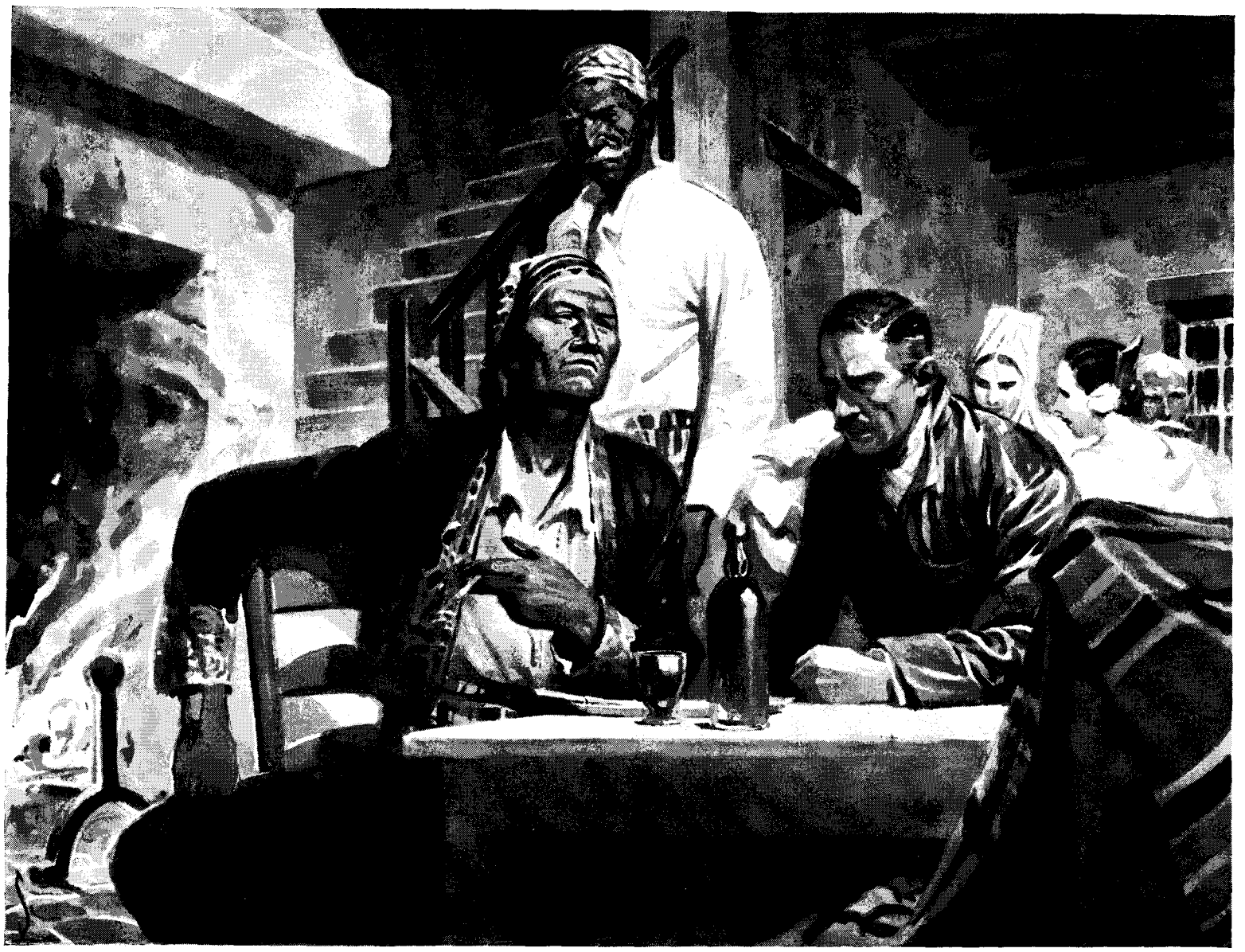

"You think you can buy Poalo Umbert?" he demanded from deep in his chest

Poalo the Magnificent

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

An episode in the life of a man who loved in Santa Muritos, where only the weak have rivals

IMMENSE, single drops of rain came with the twilight, honeycombing the dust of the Road of Blind Beggars in the city of Santa Muritos. Along this road a man strode, whistling, with a lantern in his hand and his *capotin* slung carelessly over his shoulder. The raindrops splattered his lantern shield and, at times, his broad, tough cheek; but he marched on gayly, disdainful of advancing night and the first sign of the *pampero's* fetid breath.

He was a great man in Cosalvador, the captain of *cargadores*, and he carried his greatness with a large and simple strength. He marched in advance of darkness down the road that leads from across the sierra to the city beside the sea, until he came to an archway of ironwood fencing the shallow bight in the land. Here he turned, and without pause he crossed the courtyard of an inn that had for many years been known as the Inn of the One-eyed Sailor. But before he reached the heavy oaken door it opened and shut like a winking yellow eye. A man came out and stood still, crying abruptly:

"By Jove! here he is. . . . Señor!"

The captain of cargadores strode on across the flags, still whistling his merry tune.

"Are you Poalo Umbert?" the voice insisted.

This brought him up short. He looked at the fellow's face, shadowed in gloom. Then he kicked open the scarred door of the inn and in its outflung light he turned.

"In Santa Muritos," he boomed in a rich bass, "they say, 'There goes Poalo!' and not, 'Are you Poalo Umbert?' "

"I have been looking for you. They . . ."

"Everyone looks for Poalo."

"They told me you were across the hills. I am lucky to find you."

"Ay; I was across the hills. There was a business there no one but Poalo could do. It is done now. After five months I am back. There are things for me to do tonight."

HE STRODE forward, blocking the light of the doorway as he reached for the teat of the wine-skin of welcome hanging there. This he put to his lips and drank heartily of the hospitable *chica-de-maize*. The other still stood in the outer gloom where the rain fell more heavily now. His face seemed drawn and curiously anxious beneath its weathered bronze.

"Poalo," he said earnestly, "I must catch the coasting steamer tonight."

The captain of cargadores showed even teeth in a flashing smile.

"She will not come in. By midnight the devil of the pampas will be snarling well enough."

"That is why I searched you out. They tell me that when the pampero howls no one but Poalo can put a man aboard a ship beyond the headlands."

"That is true," the captain tossed off carelessly. "Poalo could do it. Poalo and no one else. He has done it before. . . . But there are other things for me to attend tonight."

He turned and strode into the inn, flinging down his cape and crying a lion-throated welcome. Here in the swaying lamplight his stature dwarfed the spacious tavern room; and his voice reverberated from the smoke-charred beams from which strings of onions and dried goat meat pendulated. His eyes flashed happily, and, as he tossed his great head from one side to the other, the tassel of his woolen cap swayed.

"Hé, Dominic!" he cried. "Have you taken good care of the ships and of my men?"

The man called Dominic came forward stolidly from before the huge fireplace. He was short and squarely built, with a pocked face, wiry gray mustache, and eyes that lowered sullenly.

"We cannot load ships without Poalo," he growled simply. "We did not expect you for another week, Captain. . . . But it is good you are back."

"I have done the work of a hundred men. What do I say? I have done that which no one but I could do." The captain of cargadores flung himself down before a crude deal table. "No task is great enough, Dominic—because she waits for me. Bring me food, I cannot make love on an empty belly."

HE LAUGHED, a quick deep laugh full of vigor and humor. Dominic, who was his lieutenant, looked at him in silence for a moment. Then he jabbed his thumb over his shoulder, and his lips curled.

"He wishes to speak with Poalo Umbert. His name is Richard Crowther, a great one inspecting the mines. I have told him nothing. It is an affair between you and him. . . . I will bring you food, Captain."

He stumped off. Poalo turned his head quizzically. The man who had called to him in the night stood facing him on the red tiles of the ancient inn. Behind him the door stood open on darkness. Rain sheeted before it now in a curtain of water, and the noise of it

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filled the tavern room. The logs crackled loudly in the great fireplace. The leaded windows opposite streamed water. Crowther came forward quickly and dropped to a stool before the captain of cargadores.

"Poalo," he urged eagerly, "Poalo, you must do this thing for me."

"No."

"If you do, I will . . ."

Umbert smiled, shaking his head. A strange and wistful light softened his luminous eyes.

"My friend," he said, "I have been gone from the city beside the sea for five whole months. A woman waits for me. And when I say that, it is not the tenth of what I mean. Her hair is copper and gold and her eyes are blue as the sea is blue at sunrise. Something about her is not completely of this world, for in her somewhere lives the spark to make men divine. Five months I have wasted away from her arms. Tonight I am thirsty for love, and my soul does not belong to me."

"Put me aboard the ship tonight, and I give fifty golden pesos—fifty golden pesos to do with as you will!"

"And who is it," the captain of cargadores demanded quickly, "who is it told you that Poalo Umbert has any need of gold?"

"Every man has need of it."

"I have enough."

"There is never enough gold."

"Ah," the captain breathed. "You are an American."

Crowther grimaced. "What else is there to toil for and . . . ?"

"FOR something better than gold! The devotion of men; the love of women. For something inside of me which says, perhaps once in a hundred days: 'That was well done, Poalo!' "

He laughed softly, showing his teeth. Dominic came from under the dark stairway, and in grim silence set food and wine before the captain of cargadores. Out of the corner of his baleful eye he surveyed Crowther, and his lip curled again sardonically, as if he alone knew what just fate awaited that man at the hand of the idol of Santa Muritos. Then he walked scornfully toward the high leaded windows, where he stood with his back to the table, listening intently to the dribble of the rain and the rising stutter of the wind. The captain of cargadores ate with vigorous relish, washing his mouthfuls down with great drafts of native wine.

"At any other time," he said, "Poalo would be glad to help you. But tonight . . ." He shook his head. "Tonight I . . ."

"A hundred golden pesos!"

The captain's hand, arrested midway to his lips, remained poised there for an instant. Then he replaced the wine goblet carefully on the table. His eyes glowed with swift resentment.

"You think you can buy Poalo Umbert?" he demanded from deep in his chest. "I told you I do not need gold. What I need, I have; what I have not and need, I am strong enough to win. Do you think it is for gold I am the cat's-paw of greedy men? I tell you for the last time, no!" He pushed the platters angrily from him. "In the hinterland where the beef herds bellow with a roar like the roar of exploding surf, the Indians snarled and threatened the safety and the wealth of a silver mine. 'Send for Poalo!' they cried at once. 'He understands these simple men.' And I went. . . . When three ships anchor off the bluffs, all crying at once to have their bellies filled with tallow and ox-hides—it is, 'Send for Poalo!' again. Poalo and his cargadores. I blow on my silver whistle and men labor by day and by night. For me and for nothing else. Because simple men believe in me. I am a man of honor. They do as I wish. You think I am vain and proud and a braggart? It is not true. I know what I am. That is enough for me."

All this he said quite simply, without guile or arrogance, out of the frankness and honesty of his child-like heart. Then he tossed off the last of his wine and leaned back, flinging open his leathern coat. It bared the thick strong cords of his throat, about which hung a silver boatswain's whistle fast to a golden chain of curious and delicate design. Crowther's fist clenched on the table.

"POALO," he said intensely, "I will remind you of a legend of your country. Almost a hundred years has passed since Renauld, the one-eyed sailor, stumped the red tiles of this inn in which we sit and from him it takes its name. A man named de Escobar, too, sat here, so the legend says, talking to a wise priest of the hills whose name was Leral Monsanto. In their memory I ask . . ."

"My friend, it is no legend: it is the truth. I know, because I possess the sword de Escobar left in this land. He came questing that which is divine and immortal in man. He came from the sea, searching it; and to the sea he returned at last, having found it and lost it all in a breath. He found it in the arms of the eternal woman in whose breast alone lives divinity and immortality. His sword and this golden chain I wear"—there was something strange in Poalo's eyes as he touched the thing about his throat with his thick strong finger—"these things were given me as a gift for a service I did the son of Riccoco before he died. Both I treasure with my life. The legend says also that whoever possesses the sword of de Escobar he too shall be haunted for all his days by that dream of divinity that makes a man of a beast."

The captain of cargadores stood up suddenly, a flame of desire in his eyes. "That dream I have captured! A woman waits for me who is all these things and yet a little more. And here I stand, gabbling to you while . . ."

"You have not finished the tale, Poalo. The legend relates also that he who possesses that sword shall have always the dream—but never attain to its capture."

"That is a law of life. But laws are only for the weak. I am a giant tonight!"

"Poalo, I beg you! It is for such a dream I ask you to put me . . ."

"For . . . ?"

"Poalo, she is all women rolled into one for me. You should understand what I mean. You alone. I have sent a message to the steamer captain. He will look for a light on the sea and take us both aboard. When you were not here, I offered gold to your Dominic to do this, and he laughed in my face. 'You must wait for Poalo,' he said. 'It is an affair between you and him. The cargadores do not interfere in a matter of their captain's honor.' This he said to me, and refused gold for your sake! What greater tribute can they offer you? An affair between you and me, he said. Now, Poalo, I understand what he meant. For it is you alone who can know what such a woman can do to a man. Put us aboard the ship, Poalo. I beg you! What is the gale to you?"

"NOTHING. I have outlived many gales."

"And what can one night mean to you when . . . ?"

"Everything!"

"There is nothing I can say to . . . ?"

"Nothing. Divinity waits for me."

They eyed each other in a moment of silence. Crowther's uplifted arm fell in a gesture of hopeless resignation. Poalo's stare remained fixed on the distance. What great dream he saw

The hood of his cape fell back from his head. He swung his lantern again. "It is Poalo!" the girl screamed

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visualized was reflected in the eager glitter of his eyes, in the glow emanating from all his features. Crowther turned slowly; and with stooped shoulders he marched out into the rain. But the captain of cargadores remained standing there, light and shadow from the fireplace logs dancing up and down his huge frame and flickering across his cheek. He was a proud man, Poalo Umbert, proud of his strength and his skill, proud of his integrity in which his men had implicit faith. He remained standing there with his eager eyes, while outside the rain came down in sheeting torrents, lashing the tavern as the gale found its strength and howled about the ancient spires and turrets of the Inn of the One-eyed Sailor.

"Poalo!"

Dominic, who had come forward, stood facing him with his wiry mustache awry with the curl of his upper lip. He had his dagger in his hand.

"Poalo!" he spat out again. "It is good you are returned from the silver mines. . . . That man, Captain, that man you must kill."

Poalo's brows beetled, and he put his lantern down and came slowly erect again.

"Out with it, Dominic. Speak quickly."

"You have left Arlena too long alone."

"She will wait for Poalo and his love. Dominic, give a meaning to your mumbling!"

"Captain, it is *she* he wishes to take with him aboard the steamer tonight! Now do you understand why . . . ?"

"You lie!"

Swift and fierce the two words shot out of Poalo's lips and went crashing against the walls of the inn. Dominic's sullen little eyes did not flinch.

"Poalo, I do not lie to you. She . . ."

"She has been amusing herself." He squared his shoulders. "I will go to her, and it will be as before."

He half turned. Dominic sprang between him and the open door. He held his poniard by the point, the hilt extended in his outflung hand.

"It will never be as before. Take this. You will need it. The man must die."

THE captain of cargadores stared blindly down at the blade. It sent up sinister, flashing points of reflected fire. His eyes widened. The cords of his throat went rigid where hung the golden chain and the silver whistle of his mastery over men. His voice was hollow with pain.

"Arlena . . ." he said, and again: "Arlena . . ."

"We have told him nothing," Dominic said firmly once more. "Nothing but this: 'It is an affair between you and the captain of cargadores. He alone knows how to deal properly with such things.' Meanwhile, Poalo, he has offered her the dignity and security of his name, and the things which go with such things in his country."

He extended his hand again, and the naked dagger it held. But the captain of cargadores brushed him aside and strode wildly toward the doorway of the inn. Here he blotted the light for an instant, then vanished at once into the shrieking night.

Dominic watched him disappear in the windy darkness. There was a smile of pride on his pocked and wrinkled face; for the cargadores knew what their Poalo could do. The steering sweep of the deep-bellied lighters bent in his fists like nothing more than a bamboo bow. He could crack a man's back with his two bare hands as easily. What need did he have of daggers?

He stood there waiting and listening and watching. . . . Until presently a blacker shape emerged again, a dark giant with water streaming from his woolen cap and all his clothes, and only a glint of light at his throat where a silver whistle hung pendulent from a chain of gold forged and wrought by the hands of a priest long dead.

"Dominic!"

"He is dead?"

Dominic, too, stepped into the rain. The face of the captain of cargadores was gray and drawn. Agony flamed in his eyes as he stood swaying a little with all the wrath of an angry heaven working its will of him.

"Dominic, I have looked tonight through a window and seen what it is better for a man not to know. Go find him out, this Crowther. Tell him Poalo has changed his mind. I will put them aboard the steamer."

"You . . . !"

"Tell him no one must know it is Poalo does this thing. Do you understand? No one! I will steer him to heaven—but she must not know it is I. I will be in the big seaboat by the quay. You will pull stroke for me again, Dominic. Find five more men of my cargadores who are willing to laugh at drowning with Poalo—who must defend his honor tonight."

His voice rang hollow and bitter. The smile deepened slowly on Dominic's face. He nodded quickly.

"I understand," he spat out. "She will not know until her knowing can do no harm. . . . No one but our Poalo would think of the proper thing to do! . . . The men will be there. I go."

He spun around. The black night swallowed him. The captain of cargadores went into the empty inn and picked up his capotin. With this over his arm and his shielded lantern in his hand, he walked blindly into the storm again, stumbling toward the quay where the cargo lighters were moored.

THE rain ceased abruptly as the heavy seaboat of the cargadores cast off from the stone harbor jetty and launched itself into an abysmal and stormy darkness. Poalo stood upright in the sternsheets, his cloak drawn about him, its hood over his head. The great steering oar was in his hands. He sensed Dominic's sly and baleful eye upon him where he stood pulling the stroke; and he felt the power and the drive of the men as they hauled on the sweeps. At his feet on the bottom boards two shapes were huddled: Crowther with the burning eyes of his high desire, his sheltering arm about the shoulders of the girl, Arlena.

For a time the boat ran in the lee of the land; then seaward they went, into the heart of the storm, carrying the honor and the greatness of Poalo Umbert. . . .

Far in the south a red gleam appeared, swinging wildly, the running light of the coasting steamer. Poalo saw it; he had seen it before. He shot the shield from before the face of his lantern and waved it in circles over his head. The hood of his cape fell back from his head. He swung his lantern again.

"Poalo!" the girl screamed, and her hand flew to her breast. "It is Poalo!"

The shriek was plucked from her lips by the wind. It sounded feeble, like a startled dread and a warning shouted from a great distance. Dominic laughed as he hauled his oar; he laughed to the god of storms at Arlena's scream of recognition. The men behind him took up that laughter of an expected vicarious triumph by the silent workings of their streaming faces. Who else did she think it could be? Who else but the captain himself could manage a boat in such a gale? Their Poalo knew how properly to avenge insult. Presently she would see the fullness of his wrath! . . . But Poalo said nothing. He made no response either to the cry of fear or to the sinister laughter of applause. The

(Continued on page 49)

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Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

JUBILANT over the capture of Killer Mannion, a much-wanted criminal and object of an intensive man-hunt, the police of Midland City receive a surprise. The man they *know* is Mannion is identified by his boss, J. G. Rawlins, as Arthur Jones, one of his clerks in a state bureau!

The suspect, Arthur Jones—a "double" of Mannion—is released. Whereupon, while working on the "story," a reporter—Ben Healy, who represents a large syndicate—suggests that Jones, who has always longed to become an author, write the life story of the killer; and Jones agrees to do so. . . . Killer Mannion learns, through the papers, that Jones has a safety passport, in which the district attorney states that he is *not* Mannion. Making his way to Jones' room, he demands the use of the passport. A moment later Miss Wicklow, Mr. Rawlins' secretary, enters the room with some reports "J. G." wishes examined. Mannion calmly explains the situation, warns the couple that they will be killed if they "rat," and goes out—with the passport.

The following evening, Jones (still uncertain as to what course he should pursue) has a long talk with the killer, who talks freely of his escapades. When he leaves (with the passport, as before), Jones has made his decision: he will keep quiet, write Mannion's story. And trouble follows quickly. Deeply interested in Miss Wicklow—a beautiful girl of mystery—he learns that Ben Healy (whose code is a somewhat dubious one) and the girl are seeing much of each other. He learns, furthermore, that something mysterious, sinister, is going on at the office; something of which Miss Wicklow is cognizant but of which she is afraid to speak.

Then comes another adventure. Mannion breaks into a jail, frees some of his pals. Jones receives a note from him. Enclosed is the passport, and a rambling account of his use of the document on a detective. An hour or so later, Jones is arrested, forced to go to headquarters, where he is confronted by Detective Cafferty. "Ever see me before?" Cafferty inquires. Jones does some nimble thinking. "Sure," he replies, "you're the dick I showed my passport to last night." After which (his fingerprints not matching the killer's) the puzzled officials again release him. But, seated at his typewriter that evening, writing the story which Healy is sure will bring him fame, fortune, and a Hollywood job as the hero of a film thriller dealing with Mannion's life, he shudders. When, he wonders, will he ever escape from Mannion's evil shadow?

V

ALTHOUGH it was now November the night was mild and fine, so Jones decided to walk to Healy's office, to keep an appointment.

Things had moved so swiftly in the last month that Jones was in a perpetual state of wonder. He often felt that he had been caught up by a power much stronger than himself and over which he had no control. Take the Life of Mannion. It had completed its run in the local papers and he was a celebrity. He was invited to parties and fawned on. Local writers regarded him with a mixture of envy and awe. At the office, Seaver deferred to him and J. G. was very cordial. The Life was now running all over the country; in Los Angeles, New Orleans, Minneapolis and Poughkeepsie. It was also running in a Toronto paper and was shortly to appear in the London Evening Standard. Jones was bewildered by all this. The Life had been so easy to write; it had rolled out of his typewriter at top speed. He thought of his big novel, Empire, which he had labored over for a year, and he could not help smiling ironically.

He had more money now than he had ever had in his life. Checks kept pouring in; small ones, of course, but they counted up. He was well-dressed and felt superior to his environment. He was no longer the lowly clerk, scared stiff of being five minutes late. He would have quit his job weeks ago if it hadn't been for Miss Wicklow. He had to see her some way if only for a moment.

She had him entirely at sea. One day she smiled at him and gave him hope; the next day she did not seem to know that he was around. Often, when he was a little too insistent, she spoke sharply to him. Sometimes she talked about going away, frightening him; sometimes she worried him by her evident unhappiness; once in a while she had spells of hilarity when she made sharp but humorous comments about everybody and displayed a kind of cynical levity which dismayed him. She seldom went out with him and when she did he had little satisfaction in her company. He knew that she was going out with other men, including Carey and Healy. But he persisted, surprising himself by his tenacity of purpose.

In the stillness they heard a voice shouting in the street below

Two nights ago she had gone with him to hear the Chicago Civic Opera Company, which was playing Midland City for a week. The opera they gave was Boris Godunov. He had looked forward for years to hearing it sung. It overwhelmed him; the music was powerful and strange, the story simple and moving, a sort of Russian Macbeth. But Miss Wicklow was apathetic and later they had quarreled. He had become very insistent, trying to find out what was making her act so queerly. Finally, she told him to go home, and he had gone, stamping out of her apartment. The next day she had apologized for her conduct and had thanked him profusely for taking her to hear Boris.

JONES shook his head as he walked along.

"Things used to be so simple," he thought. "Now everything is turned upside down and I don't know whether I'm going or coming."

Since his success, the face of the world had changed; nothing was the same. He would sometimes look in the glass at himself, trying to detect the lineaments of Arthur Jones, statistical clerk.

He found Healy sitting in his shirt sleeves with a cigar in his mouth and a bottle of whisky on the table in front of him. The little office was stuffy and in one corner a radiator tapped and hissed. Jones took off his hat and overcoat and sat down.

"Drink?" asked Healy. "No? Cigar? No? You're a sociable kind of guy. I hear you're taking in high-hat concerts now. Going in for stuffed-shirt entertainment. Got that monkey suit yet?"

Jones did not smile.

"I always liked music."

Healy looked at him sideways, but said nothing. Jones had certainly traveled some in a few weeks. He seemed to have an unlimited capacity for change. Healy grunted to himself. The boy was certainly blossoming out. "And it's all my fault," he told himself. "If it hadn't been for little old Ben this boy would have been pumping an adding machine from now on."

"YOU know," he said aloud, "I'm beginning to understand how that scientific guy felt when Frankenstein got loose. Jones, you're turning into a regular monster."

"What?"

"Know the story of Frankenstein?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll leave it at that. But old man Healy got you to write that little number, didn't he?"

"Oh, I see. But I haven't started murdering little children yet."

"No, but you murdered the King's English, brother, and how! That reminds me. Listen, you'll love this. It's a quote from a Methodist Journal up North. 'Mr. Jones does not soothe the reader into an acceptance of violence and crime. He uses language as a footpad uses a club. He knocks his reader brutally on the head. We must protest . . .' Et cetera. That's from an editorial. When you begin to get them writing editorials about you, you're fa-

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mous. Don't you love 'footpad' and 'knocks his reader on the head'? Those terms smack very smackingly of the recluse minister. Oh, by the way."

Healy took a big piece of heavy blue paper from his desk and tossed it across to Jones. "Here's a real contract. Sid sent it on. It's the biggest advance Sid ever heard of on a first book. He's still groggy. They wanted to tie you up for four books but Sid thought two was enough, as you see. It's of no advantage to you, because they can turn your books down when they feel like it but you can't turn the publisher down. Just sign it and that will be that. Also figure ten per cent off for commission on that advance. Okay?"

Jones was still speechless. He made an effort:

"You mean I get all that money for just signing this . . . ?"

"Yeah. The publisher is gambling your book will make that much; if it doesn't he holds the bag. But it will. If you wanted to be nasty, you could hold out for more and get it."

"Oh, no. This suits me." Jones signed the contract and handed it over.

"Here's another. My syndicate is tying you up for a weekly article on crime."

"But what do I know . . . ?"

"You know enough. Fake the rest. It's just cigarette money, but it will come in handy." Jones signed. "And here are some letters sent to Sid. A so-called dramatist wants to make a play out of your story. Don't let him. Nobody ever heard of him. A big name will pick this up later. Then you'll make plenty out of it. I may try it myself. Okay?"

"Certainly."

"HERE'S a couple of mash notes from gals who like their writers hard-boiled. Put them in the fire or you'll have a nut or two on your doorstep. Or turn them over to me. I'll get them to send photographs; then if they're okay . . . but never mind. I see I'm boring the great author."

Jones smiled.

"Don't talk that way. I'm just bewildered, that's all."

"Well, so am I. The country's gone nuts about that story of yours. You're lucky."

Jones' face darkened.

"Lucky! You seem to forget I've been writing for nearly ten years."

"No offense. Now that we got the business over, relax, relax; I want to talk seriously. By the way, before I forget it; the movies are nibbling."

Healy poured himself a big drink and tossed it down. Jones noticed that his eyes were bloodshot and that he seemed worried.

"Jones," he said finally, "I'm not chump enough to go around in this world looking for gratitude. It's a great rarity, as old man La Rochefoucauld used to say. Ever read him?"

"Certainly."

Healy looked at Jones sideways.

"Well, you know what I mean, then. As I was saying, I don't expect gratitude. But after all, Jones, I've been pretty good to you. I really gave you a start. I almost made you write that story."

Jones shifted.

"I remember. I appreciate what you did, Healy."

"Good. Now I hate to ask favors, but I'm in a spot. I been good to you; now you got a chance to be good to me."

"I'll do my best."

"Fine. Jones, are you interested in party politics?"

"Not at all. I hardly ever vote. I'm under Civil Service."

"That's what I thought. Well, then, it doesn't matter at all to you who's elected, eh?"

"Not at all. I voted for Roosevelt and I'm going to vote for him again. But that's different."

"Very different, my boy; very different. Roosevelt's a real man. I'm speaking of politicians. To be exact, state politicians."

"Well?"

HEALY shifted and tossed away his cold cigar, then he got up and turned off the radiator.

"Jones, the voters are going to the polls in a few days for a state election. You don't care who wins, but I do. It's my job. The Journal is a partisan sheet, very much so; and old Ben isn't in any too good with the powers that be. I nearly got fired last week, and me owing about a thousand dollars and without a dime. Don't get excited. I'm not trying to panhandle."

Healy began to pace the floor. "There's an angle to what I'm getting at that I might as well spill now. Understand me, I'm no angel. If it was up to me, I'd leave the personal angle out altogether, but Carey tabbed me, got wise; and whether I spill the works or not, it makes no difference. Carey will spill it in the Trib, so I might as well get credit, too, the heel!"

Jones stared.

"I may be dense but . . ."

"It's not you, my boy; it's me. I'm drunk. Wait a minute. Let me think." He sat down and ran his fingers through his bristling red hair. "Well, I guess we'd better take things one by one. In the first place the governor is fighting for reëlection and that means that our old friend J. G. is splitting his shirt wide open. All right. Now the biggest single interest in this state is the shipping interest. The so-called Midwest Shipping Trust. You've no doubt read all about those 'nefarious blood-suckers' in the papers which support the governor.

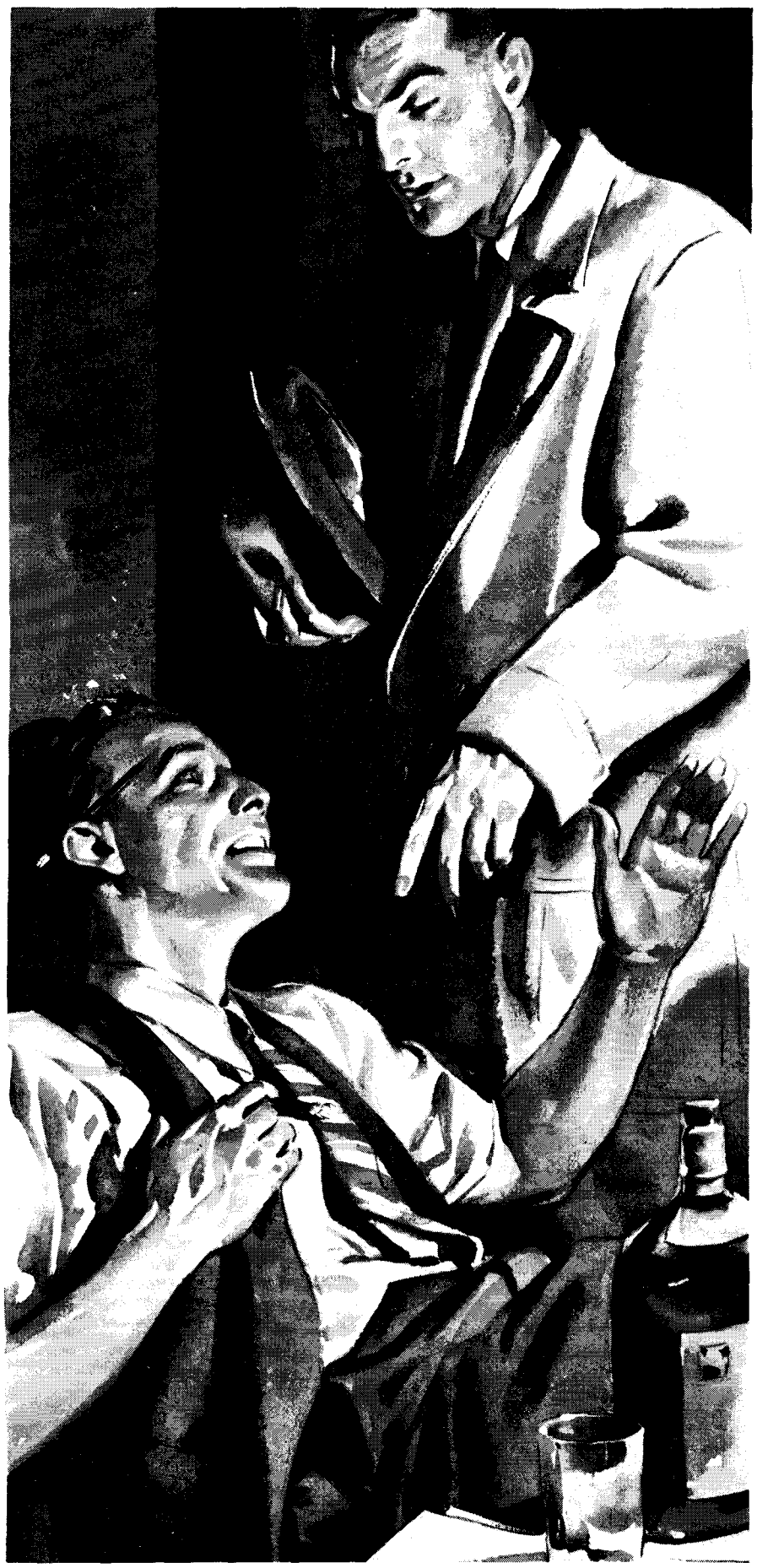
"In short, the shipping interests are fighting the governor and the governor is burning up because of all the dough they're spending. The shipping boys say the governor is a dangerous demagogue and insists on crippling industry in order to play to the grandstand; the governor says that the boys are a bunch of burglars and ought to be locked up. Who's right? I don't know. Nobody knows. And it doesn't matter."

Jones shifted.

"You've got my head going around."

"Give me time. Now the Journal and the Trib are with the shipping boys. There's an election coming up and a mean one. We're trying to swing it; so's the governor. It's a toss-up. Do you follow me?"

"Pretty well."



"Okay, pal," cried Healy. "I thought you had some sense"

HEALY hesitated and fixed Jones with his shrewd blue eyes.

"Jonesy, remember some reports you tabulated for J. G.?"

"What sort of . . . ? Why, yes. Come to think of it. They were all shipping reports."

"Exactly."

"But what of it?"

"What of it! Plenty of it. J. G. wants to make it look like falsification; that's his angle. Industrial insurance, see? Well, with a little manipulation he can do it, maybe. We want to break a story about it, get the idea? The day before election day. It's tampering of a gross kind."

Jones shrugged.

"There was no tampering as far as I could see. I tabulated the figures just as they were put down. That's all I know."

Healy stared at him.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Don't be too sure."

"Wait a minute, Healy. I may be thick but I don't see what you're driving at."

"Oh, well. I thought you were a friend of mine. I thought maybe you could give me the low-down. Why should you protect J. G.? What did he ever do for you?"

"I'm not protecting him. I'm telling you the truth."

"As you see it. Well, skip it. Now you've worked in that department for about ten years. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"You mean to say that everything is on the level? You mean to say they haven't been shoving the Civil Service aside and putting in men over the heads of . . ."

"Well, of course, they . . ." Jones hesitated. The very thing Healy was mentioning had often rankled. Jones had seen men put over him regardless of his seniority; Seaver for instance. But he suddenly thought about Mannion. Don't rat!

"Go ahead. Go ahead," cried Healy, his eyes gleaming.

"No. I can't help you."

There was a chilling finality to this that silenced Healy. After a long pause he said:

"Well, I'm sorry. I thought maybe you'd help me. It's too bad. I surely hate to drag a woman into it."

"A woman?"

"Yes, Jonesy. Our good friend, Miss Wicklow."

(Continued on page 44)

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At 45 Miles an Hour a MIRACLE HAPPENS

YOU'RE GOING ALONG in an AIRFLOW car. The speedometer says 20 . . . 30 . . . 40. And then, suddenly, a miracle happens. The hum of the motor fades. An invisible power seems to pull you along. It's the most uncanny sensation you've ever experienced in a car.

It's the new Automatic Overdrive.

We're not exaggerating. It's the most important car development, with the exception of the AIRFLOW itself.

No buttons to push. No levers to pull. It's completely automatic. What happens is this. When you are driving along at 45 miles an hour, the overdrive automatically goes into operation. It's like a fourth speed. Your engine revolutions are reduced by one-third and you literally coast along without excessive strain on your engine.

It actually cuts down gas consumption as much as 25% at 60 miles an hour. It gives an even greater saving on oil.

But exciting as it is, the Automatic Overdrive is just *one* of the many things that will astound you about these new AIRFLOW De Sotos and Chryslers.

Have you ever sat behind the wheel and driven an AIRFLOW? At first it seems a little strange. You're not used to so much vision . . . not used to a car that travels so smoothly over any kind of road.

But soon you get the "feel" of it . . . and then you're wondering why you ever liked a conventional car.

Fact is, you've no idea what has happened to automobiles until you take an AIRFLOW ride. So why not do it now? Go to any Chrysler or De Soto dealer.

Let him explain the Automatic Overdrive . . . the AIRFLOW type of construction . . . the Floating Ride that has a rhythm like a walk. Then decide for yourself whether you want to buy a modern or an old-fashioned car. It's a strange way to sell automobiles . . . but we say you've got to drive an AIRFLOW to really understand it. Do it today.

CHRYSLER *Airflow* DE SOTO

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Twenty years ago if any man had dared appear in Shafter in such regalia he would have been pitched into the creek. He might even have been shot

Big Bend—Broken

By Owen P. White

It shore used to be a hell-raisin', he-man country, that elbow of Texas which juts into the rocky ribs of Mexico. But now the realtors, dirt farmers and railroads have ousted the cow-men with their quaint six-shooter customs. Mr. White weeps over the bier of what was once the gaudiest and goriest section of the border

ILLUSTRATED BY H. TEMPEST GRAVES

CIVILIZATION, at least to some people, and I reckon I'm one of them, is certainly depressing. For instance, not a great many years ago, just a couple of decades, whenever I felt that I'd explode unless I immediately got myself out of an atmosphere of dollars and decency, I knew exactly where to go to find relief. I'd head right out for the Big Bend country in Texas.

On the way I'd shuck the white collar and the false tooth that I'd been wearing in town as a tribute to my alleged respectability, and then, just as soon as I'd piled off the stage at any one of half a dozen adobe settlements, life would at once assume a rosy tint and I'd begin to breathe easy.

Of course those were the days, out there in that vast wilderness where the Rio Grande, making a wide sweep to the south, cuts its way between rock walls two thousand feet high, when a man's ability to pitch lead and tote liquor was the standard by which his durability, if not his desirability, as a citizen was determined. Booze and bullets got the unfit and the weaklings so that in those happy times the permanent population of the Big Bend, which was made up principally of cow-punchers, cattle rustlers, rangers, ranchers, miners, saloonkeepers and horse thieves, was not only very scanty but also quite select.

Just why I was ever tolerated in Big Bend society for any length of time I never understood. But I was, and I appreciated it, because after I had seen quite a few men who had accepted urgent invitations from the Ejection Committee "to git the hell outa here and git quick," start off on a fifty-mile walk to the nearest railroad station, I always felt highly honored every time Old Man Albert asked me to eat goat meat with him, or whenever Don Giliberto Vasquez insisted that I accept his personal hospitality.

Patricio had arrived, there was no doubt about it

But now look at that country! I've done so. I've recently been down there again. I let my old friends—at least what's left of them—know that I was coming, and with my own eyes I have seen what civilization can do to the higher life in a land that was once all male. The result is, I weep.

With uncovered head I stood before the two shrines to Bacchus previously presided over by Old Man Albert and Señor Vasquez. These temples of mirth, whose owners have long since passed on to the bartender's reward, were depressingly vacant. Before their closed doors, which in bygone days had never been closed, stood no groups of sleepy cow-ponies with drooped heads and bridle reins trailing in the dust, while from within there came no sounds of happy conviviality.

The pool-room, wherein several lovely gunfights that I could remember all about had been pulled off, was also abandoned. So was the ancient dance hall, and even the jail, which in former times I had often seen filled to overflowing with real gun-toting he-men, harbored nothing more interesting than a pair of plain drunks. Having noted these things I passed sadly on to the doctor's house, where I sat myself down on the front steps to do some woeful thinking.

But suddenly my eyes were gladdened by a hopeful sight. A pretty little woman wearing a gorgeous black eye was approaching!

"A-ha," I said to myself. "I'm all

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SINCLAIR WINS NAVY CONTRACT 4th TIME

FOR THE 4TH successive year the Navy Department has awarded Sinclair the annual contract for lubricating the Navy on the Atlantic seaboard. The award also includes other Government departments in 42 states.

SINCLAIR DEALER shows a customer how his patented can-opener wrecks the Sinclair Tamper-Proof can so that oil bootleggers cannot refill it with inferior oil. The American Automobile Association estimates that motor repairs due to bootlegged oil cost the public $40,000,000 a year.

ONE GALLON of the powerful new Sinclair H-C Gasoline has enough energy, if fully utilized, to hoist a 37,000-ton battleship 1⅓ feet. More than a million gallons of Sinclair H-C Gasoline will be supplied the Navy Department for fire engines, ambulances, fast patrol boats, etc.

U.S.S. MISSISSIPPI loading Sinclair lubricants from Sinclair lighter at New York after the Presidential review. The Navy has also awarded Sinclair a contract for a million dollars worth of fuel oil.

SINCLAIR SOLVES a tough lubrication problem on Texas highways. For the 3rd successive year the State of Texas has awarded its million-dollar lubricating and gasoline contract to Sinclair.

BEDTIME ALOFT on the world's first completely convertible sleeper plane, operated by American Airlines. For the 2nd successive year Sinclair has been awarded the contract for lubricating the planes of this great air transport company.

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Special Delivery

The whole Post Office Department is being delivered—delivered from politics. The process is not yet complete, but already black ink is being used in the department's bookkeeping. And that's news

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The old-fashioned post office, political monument and center of small-town social life, will disappear completely

WHEN Jim Farley, dashing out of the capital on a speech-making foray, left word with a sportive friend to lay a random bet at Pimlico on the first horse with an Irish name, and copped $17.80 with a $2 play on a nag called De Valera, there was some sharp sniffing in certain circles. By contrast with Albert Burleson's prim morals, Elder Hays' devotion to churchly laundering of linen and Walter Brown's aristocratic attachment for limousines with sufficient ceiling to house his silk topper, the sniffers thought that Jim's advertising of his passion for the ponies was a bit horsey for a Postmaster General.

As a matter of fact, Jim was living up to the honored traditions and even the ancient escutcheon of his department. The Post Office seal, which dates from days when mail was not transported by planes, fast trains, speedy ships, auto trucks and pneumatic tubes, bears the representation of a man galloping on a horse, and the rider looks very much like a Pimlico jockey on a sweltering day. It is a symbolic figure, too, for the department has always been operated in accord with ideas prevalent in the horse age when it was established. (Maybe it's because almost all politicians love horses.) Anyway, the department has usually run up a sweepstakes of a deficit, and it is always cited as the perfect example of the government's unfitness to conduct or even supervise private business.

The Plaything of Politicians

Although the P. M. G.'s have always been blamed for this condition, which explains why the office is a political graveyard, the major fault lies elsewhere. It is Congress which runs the department, not the executive head; he merely administers it. Congress fixes the salaries, which it constantly increases, and regulates the postage rates, which, for obvious reasons, it rarely boosts, and these two items constitute the principal expenditure and income. Congress has also sunk the department beneath extravagant subsidies for transportation of mail by air and water, and it spends $1,000,000 annually in franking out its own you-know-me-boys orations. It insists upon controlling postmaster personnel, and it usually endorses fellows who collect votes instead of postal receipts. The department has always been congressional booty, although it suffers with special severity in a time of changing conditions, increasing competition and the disappearance of profitable markets and frontiers.

Homesick immigrants once kept our mailmen busy

Now, for the first time, the department has been transferred to the dominion of the Executive, and there may be a slight chance to transplant it, even though slowly, from its dark political earth. The economy act and other measures gave the President and the Postmaster General authority to conduct it more in accord with modern needs. They empowered the Executive to lower salaries and increase postal rates, and he did so. As a result of the revision of airmail and ocean mail subsidy structures, the department has effected an annual saving of $8,000,000 at the same time that it has added 3,300 miles to its aërial routes. The recent building bill leaves costs, sites and types of structure entirely to executive discretion.

The problem of political personnel still remains a tough nut to crack but the President plans to have all classes of postmasters eventually placed under Civil Service protection. So there may be hope for the post offices yet. Of all the surrenders which Congress made to the White House during the emergency period, its waiving of its Post Office perquisites may turn out to be the supreme sacrifice.

As a result of reforms instituted by Messrs. Roosevelt and Farley—and few in the Cabinet are closer to the Chief Executive than the latter—officials think that the department will close the 1934 fiscal year with a balanced budget when the accounts are cast. If so, it will be the first time since Amos Kendall turned the trick in 1835, although it emerged with a bookkeeping balance in a few other years. Even though the shift from the red to the black may not be permanent, for Congress does not accept businesslike improvements without strict accounting, it amounts to a dramatic interlude. Sufficiently dramatized, it might mean a heavy blow to the solar plexus of the selfish and parochial politics which both parties have always played with this house of letters.

Strongholds of Sentiment

Just the same, there is a pitiable side to this congressional sacrifice, and it is easy to understand why this department has always been so hopelessly mired in politics of the cheapest kind. To hear them tell it, it is not simply that congressmen are selfishly insistent upon jobs for friends or building contracts for local yeomen; there is a noble spirit behind their Post Office impulses. Ask any member why he fights and filibusters so hard, even defying Presidents, for a new and extravagant structure in his one-street town, or for appointment of a friend to hand out the mail and dish out the gossip. You will discover, if you are at all susceptible to finer sentiment, that he is moved only by the desire to inculcate among his townspeople a more patriotic feeling for Uncle Sam.

"The popular belief," says the all-American congressman, "that we regard the Post Office as a source of jobs and contracts is all wrong. We love that department because it is the closest to our people, the most democratic, and the most representative of the far-off federal government. The local post office building ought to stir the same feelings for the government that cathedrals did for the Church in the Middle Ages. The postmaster, if he is the right kind of man—and I would support no other kind—should be a sure-fire salesman for Uncle Sam.

Go-getter business men raised havoc with postal revenues

"When I get a new and beautiful building for my town, I can point to it as proof of what Washington, from the

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YOU DON'T PAY ONE EXTRA RED CENT

FOR PLYMOUTH'S FOUR GREAT ADVANTAGES

ARE YOU ONE of the people who thought that Plymouth cost more than its two competitors? That is a mistaken idea we want to correct. For today the prices of "All Three" are virtually the same.

There may be a small difference, one way or the other. But when it comes to signing a check, it will be about the same, no matter which car you buy.

So dismiss the price question from your mind. There isn't any. What you should think about is what each car offers . . . in engineering . . . in performance . . . in comfort and appearance.

If you buy a car this way, you can't help considering seriously the new Plymouth Special Six.

This car gives you all the major advantages that made Plymouth famous . . . PLUS many extra refinements usually found in higher-priced models.

It has steel artillery wheels . . . double horns and tail lights. Chromium headlamps . . . a glove box . . . things that make you proud to own this car. And without paying one extra red cent, you get Hydraulic Brakes . . . a Safety-Steel Body . . . Floating Power . . . and the same type of Individual Wheel Springing as used on the most expensive cars.

Each of Plymouth's two competitors offers one of these major features, but in no other low-priced car can you get all four. See the Special Six at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer before you decide.

PRICES AND FEATURES OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH SPECIAL SIX

4-Door Sedan $620 2-Door Sedan $580
Town Sedan $655 Business Coupe $560
Rumble Seat Coupe $590

HYDRAULIC BRAKES. Always equalized. Eliminate swerving. Save frequent relinings. Ask any Plymouth owner if he'd go back to mechanical brakes!

SAFETY-STEEL BODY. Best safety insurance you can have on today's crowded highways.

FLOATING POWER Engine Mountings. Keep vibration away from you. You ride relaxed.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING. The best of the so-called "knee-type" springs, as used on the most expensive cars, to assure a more comfortable back-seat ride.

T-Slot Pistons with four rings instead of the usual three. Four-bearing Crankshaft—Valve-seat Inserts—Oil Filter—Temperature Indicator on Instrument Panel—Steel Artillery Wheels.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments by Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

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Owner Absent

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW

"What is it?" I asked, and I turned to look aft, to see *what he had seen*

I SUPPOSE no man would tell this story. There is a certain priggishness in men, a holier-than-thou attitude — especially toward their wives. And even the best of them have an absurd respect for such printed things as laws and the rules in that book on Yacht Etiquette which Prescott Lutheran studied so devotedly.

Even the best of them; but Slim Haddocks—as this incident may suggest—was an exception. Perhaps he was not one of the best of them; perhaps he was one of the worst! I suppose any man who reads this will say so.

But not I; for I do not—did not—like Prescott Lutheran. Not after he married Alice. Not after I had seen them together. Alice and I had roomed together in college, and I held a more or less protective attitude toward her. When Prescott Lutheran came along, we both thought him charming. I was not at all surprised when she married him. I might almost have married him myself if he had asked me.

Mr. Maine, Alice's father, died two years after their marriage; so Prescott retired from business. Alice of course inherited everything, including the yacht. This was a schooner about seventy feet over all.

I was visiting Alice in Northeast Harbor in September after Mr. Maine died, when Prescott suddenly became schooner-conscious. Till then he had been content with other playthings, and the yacht lay idle in the harbor. But abruptly he decided to sail the schooner home to Boston, and Alice asked me—with some insistence—to come along.

"Prescott will be busy," she explained. "He likes new toys. I will need you for company."

I consented, because of the things she did not say.

The captain's name was Moultry, an old man and quite deaf. The other members of the crew—two sailors, a cook-steward, and an engineer—do not matter except for Slim Haddocks. He was the cook-steward, and he had taught Alice to catch flounders and cunners when she was six years old, and had served her and her father ever since. I suppose he knew as much as Cap'n Moultry, or perhaps more, of what is expected of a yachtsman—and what is not.

Prescott had found in the schooner's cabin this little blue-bound book on Yacht Etiquette; and it became his Bible. He had, like so many men whose background is a little doubtful, a deep respect for conventions; and the more absurd the better. He insisted that everything aboard his yacht should go strictly by rule. For instance, the schooner carried two dinghys, very small, designed to be pulled by one oarsman; but Prescott insisted on two, and he drilled the reluctant sailors in a ritual of orders.

He made the colors religiously, he flew the Owner Absent Flag, the Meal Pennants, the Night Pennant, and the Ensign on every possible excuse; and he loved the club burgee and his private signal!

But finally it was time to sail, and Alice and I went aboard. We got under way at about eleven o'clock, and at noon he shot the sun, and made elaborate—and inaccurate—calculations of our position. Also he read the log every hour. The log line was fast to the stern, below the deck level, in such a position that in order to read the fractions on the dial Prescott had to kneel down and lean out over the stern. I was afraid he might fall overboard. . . .

Later I hoped he would! This was that night at dinner.

I remember, very vividly, a spot of red light on the cabin bulkhead. Our course was such that the setting sun shone in through one of the ports which was on a level with the low rail. The rail distorted the shape of this spot of light. At first it was round, and then it was flat across the bottom, with a nick in it at the right-hand side. Once it assumed the shape of a heart, and the yacht pitched, and that broke the heart in two!

I thought it was like Alice Lutheran's heart. We were at dinner in the saloon, Slim Haddocks serving us. The reason for Prescott's ill humor I do not recall. His humors were often reasonless. But his tongue was edged and barbed; and he scored Alice deeply with sly, sardonic phrases. There was something about a man named Fry with whom Alice had danced twice or thrice, and other men were mentioned.

I watched the spot of red light, moving on the bulkhead, swooping upward, dipping dizzily, changing its shape with every movement. I pretended not to hear what Prescott was saying. This was the only kindness I could do for Alice at the time; just not to hear.

Slim Haddocks was serving dinner. Prescott, in Slim's hearing, stripped Alice of all self-respect with slow, querulous, sarcastic gibes. It was as though he stripped away her garments one by one, before the eyes of a jeering crowd.

Slim Haddocks was bronzed by sun and wind; but I thought his cheek was darker than usual, as if he were angry. If I had been a man, I would have been afraid of Slim; but men have this absurd respect for laws and things like that. I suppose it never occurred to Prescott that Slim might love Alice—he had taken care of her since she was a baby—and might do something to defend her.

NEXT morning we woke to fog, and a long swell from the east. Alice and I stayed below, and I gave her that silent comfort which was the only comfort I could give. Prescott was on deck.

Later, she slept like a weary child; and I too went on deck. Cap'n Moultry was at the wheel, hunched in oilskins. Prescott was shouting questions at him—the old man was deaf—about tide drift, and ocean currents and dead reckoning. Later Prescott made a violent scene because the Meal Pennant had not been flown during breakfast.

I went forward to talk to Slim Haddocks, smoking his pipe by the fore companion. We were under power, not enough wind to fill the sails; and the motion was sickening. A lurch and a slide and a swoop, a climb and a lurch again.

I stood facing Slim. While we talked, he looked aft past me. I said something about Prescott. Slim and I both loved Alice, and this was a bond between us.

"Now he wants me to get a bo'sun's pipe," he said in a low tone. "I'm to pipe the call to meals, the orders to haul and to belay and to make colors, to pipe down and order away the boats." He spat over the rail, with some eloquence. I think a man must get a lot of satisfaction out of spitting, sometimes.

IT STRUCK four bells. "And now he'll go read his little log," he muttered scornfully.

I spoke of the fog, and the chance of a clearing breeze. I remembered afterward that as Slim talked to me he was looking aft past me, and his eyes suddenly changed expression. I read in them indecision, and then, perhaps, decision; but this is one of the things no man would recognize, or admit, or remember.

"What is it?" I asked, and I turned to look aft, to see what he had seen. But there was nothing to see except Cap'n Moultry, huddled at the wheel, puffing his old pipe; and the foam of our wake disappearing quickly in the fog astern. A swell had struck us a moment before, heavily, throwing us sidewise, lashing noisily along our rail; and the hiss of it was in my ears, drowning any other sound.

"Nawthin'!" said Slim Haddocks with a certain vigor in his tones. "Here comes another big one!" He pointed ahead and I looked that way.

We continued our conversation; and it may have been five minutes before Cap'n Moultry bawled something, in a scared tone, and put the schooner hard over and began to retrace our course. I went aft to inquire.

It appeared that Prescott Lutheran, kneeling, leaning over the stern to read the log, must have fallen overboard when that wave staggered us.

And we did not pick him up. Perhaps if anyone had seen him fall—

When I turned at last to go below and tell Alice, I noticed that someone had flown a blue rectangular flag at the starboard main spreader. I recognized the Owner Absent Flag.

This may not have been strictly according to rule, yet I was quite sure Slim Haddocks must have done it, in spite of the fact that he knew as well as any man aboard what a good yachtsman should and should not do.

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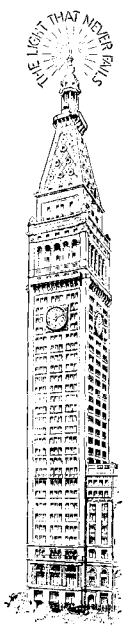

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Woman in Love

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ride; Tamara felt the big fingers of Mayne's fine hand cover her own, and she let them stay. The hour was too crystal-perfect to break by any prudishness now. After a while she realized that she was leaning against his shoulder, and that he had moved a little to make her head comfortable there—it wasn't important, everyone else had relaxed into quiet and friendliness and utter felicity; nothing would have been sillier or more childish than to sit erect and gather one's hands primly into one's lap.

Quite suddenly at midnight the thing broke up; Tamara and Mayne came out into the cold sweet air of the winter night, and walked a little while, looking for a taxi. The girl was silent; her mood dreamy, ecstatic, satisfied.

"Nice people," Mayne said, on a rising note.

"Oh, nice people! They're marvelous," Tamara echoed, in her little-girl voice of awe. "I—I love them. I loved it all!"

"We'll go there again." They were in a taxi now, and in a few minutes had reached The Valhalla and Mayne courteously escorted her upstairs to her mother's very door. Further it was not possible to invite him, for Lance was audibly asleep on the sitting-room couch. So Tamara said her grateful good-nights in the dark hallway and raised to him eyes that shone with appreciation of her wonderful evening. "I'll see you tomorrow, somewhere. Come into Dolores' dressing-room before the show," the man whispered with his goodbys. Tamara nodded, opened the door behind her noiselessly, slipped into the silent apartment.

IT WAS midnight, but for a while Tamara, tired as she was, could not sleep. She lay awake thinking, remembering, smiling in the dark.

After that life took on a quite different color, and Tamara loved every moment of it. The past, the happy, simple days in the sunny, green garden alleys and clean, airy echoing halls of St. Bride's were forgotten as if they had never been. Tamara, to be sure, occasionally wrote to Mother Laurence, telling her of the Mission at the old French Church and the adorable little Italian baby at the corner stand, but of the real fabric of these new days she said not a word.

Sometimes in the empty, pleasant mornings she went up to Manzini's Dancing Academy and watched the girls practicing on the bar; sometimes she went to Goldstein's and helped this actress or that select a costume. Tamara loved the dancing academy, with its rattling piano and slapping feet and protestant voices; she found the big costumier's lofts, filled with helmets and hoopskirts and wampum and belts and the diamond-checked dominoes of Punchinelli, even more fascinating.

Miss Nelly, small, gray, harassed, would pull down for them Topsy costumes, gray wigs, black lace fans.

"I know what you want—I know what you want—" she would mutter, even while showing them everything that they did not want. Morning sunlight would be slanting gayly over the long racks hung with feathered, spangled, ruffled, slashed and scalloped garments. "That lot's for the Robin Hood revival," Miss Nelly would say. "Wait a minute, I want to show you the cute thing I had made up for Maid Marian."

Down one of the long aisles between the racks two or three girls might be holding crinolines against their modern skirts, eying themselves in the always convenient mirrors. Two men, near by, would be counting Greek togas busily; "How many you got there, Walt? All right, I've got eleven here!" and perhaps a group of busy small-town women would be making arrangements for gypsy, pioneer, Indian costumes. California reveled in indoor pageants and fiestas all winter long, and in the spring and summer almost every village and town had its high holiday.

And sometimes a real personality came in; a Hollywood actor, an old actress reappearing in a short vaudeville engagement, a beginner thrilled over her first real part—her first newspaper notices—her first intoxicating taste of success and fame.

All these Tamara watched sympathetically, intently, with an abiding sense of thrill and an untiring interest. Everything that had to do with the stage was fascinating now.

MAYNE MALLORY went back to Hollywood a few days after the dinner at the Holloway studio, but he went with a definite farewell for Tamara that set her senses humming for days, and from his own busy studio in Hollywood he sent her frequent letters. Tamara bought herself a box of exquisite writing paper at Shreve's, and spent time and thought upon just the right carelessly affectionate tone in answer. Mayne had given her a tortoise-shell Persian kitten, and she reported regularly upon little Rajah's progress.

Between six and seven she went to Dolores' dressing-room. Dolores was captious, spoiled in friendship, but she was affectionate, entertaining; she liked Tamara. She liked to have Tamara sit in the big wicker chair and submit to her a girl's shy, respectful questions as they ate their club sandwiches; Dolores instantly had sensed Mayne's fancy for Tamara and sometimes to the younger woman's infinite secret delight they talked of him.

"Of course any girl'd be an utter fool to marry Mayne," Dolores said more than once.

"Marry him! I don't imagine," Tamara would answer, with a happy flutter of color, "that he'll ever want to marry. I suppose he has been married?"

"I don't know that he has," Dolores said on that occasion. "In fact, I'm sure he hasn't. I've known Mayne for fifteen years. He was in Hollywood when I first went down there to do one of the girls in Rebecca. I was only about fifteen—poor kid that I was, supporting my father and mother and my brother Henry! I was in pictures two years—knew Norma Talmadge and Anita Loos and all of them. I've had a rotten break," Dolores went on, lapsing as she usually did into personal musings. "If I'd ever had the break some girls do I'd be in New York now. You can't get very far here!"

"You'll get to New York, Dory. Don't worry. They're after you now."

"Yes, and the minute I turned my back on Leander some other would snap him up like a fly!" Months did not lessen Dolores' sharp, nervous jealousy of her husband's affections; on Sundays she cooked Leander's breakfast for him, and served it at his bedside. Like many another actress she was a good cook and loved her kitchen; she would tell Tamara how she resented the intrusion of even her closest friends upon the week's one holiday. "Lee and I just like to lie around and read the papers and eat," she explained.

"We pushed too hard!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

BY THIS time Tamara knew all the members of Dolores' company, the ushers and the manager and the box-office clerks, and a host of other theatrical personalities as well. She knew Mary Ashe, the newspaper woman who sometimes did advance press notices and was always drifting about the various theaters and hotels, and Anna Cora Wyatt, who covered theatrical news for the other morning paper. She could enter many dressing-rooms now and had friends everywhere.

"You're an awful fool not to work them for a part," Coral said. Coral had abandoned all other interests now for one; she was devoting herself to a stout, middle-aged man known in the family circle only as "French." French was backing a show; he had money; he was a New York man who had come to Santa Barbara with a wife and two dull grown daughters for his health, had become attached to a girl named Petey Roberts, and had bought for Petey a musical comedy called Not Tonight, Susie. Petey had of course played the unwilling Susie, but Coral, in her desperate efforts to get the supporting part of Mamselle Notinoti, had encountered the play's "angel," and had captivated him right under Petey's rather common little snub nose. The play had failed wretchedly, Petey had disappeared in the Hollywood shadows from which she had originally emerged, and Coral had settled down seriously to marry Mr. French.

She did not speak of him affectionately or admiringly to Tamara; she merely said that she wanted to get him. That was all. Nothing else mattered. Coral met him in hotels, dined with him, lunched with him, drove with him, she got into his big car and went down to Del Monte with him and watched him play golf. Golf was his one passion. Exactly what the arrangements were on these trips, exactly who else went along or what made the whole thing conventionally possible Tamara never knew and she never heard her mother inquire. Once when the younger daughter somewhat fearfully expressed her uneasiness on the subject, Willette said comfortably, "Don't worry about Coral. She's deep. She don't even like him."

CORAL never said she liked him; indeed, she rarely mentioned him except once when she said in nervous anger to Tamara, "If French is on the phone don't you ever tell him again I'm taking a bath! I'll get out of the tub and talk to him any time of the day or night."

This from Coral, who had always been lazy and indifferent and good-natured, was illuminating to Tamara; she watched the progress of her sister's affair with an anxious interest that was nevertheless sympathetic. Coral had grown nervous, restless, irritable under the stress of the tremendous possibility that might slip from her grasp. She wore new and beautiful clothes, a diamond wrist watch; Tamara told herself that this mightn't "mean anything." Coral was going with a married man—Coral would have to give up her religion—not that she ever went to church—if she married a divorced man—when Tamara's uneasy reflections twisted and turned about these incontrovertible facts she would attempt to dismiss the whole thing as not apt to happen anyway, as not "meaning anything."

Coral flattered the old man industriously, insidiously. Tamara could hear it at the telephone. Her sister's voice was almost a coo when Mr. French was on the line. She called him "Boyo." Tamara was undecided between laughter and expostulation whenever she heard it. The affair had progressed pretty well and the French divorce had been announced in the newspapers before she ever saw Coral's new friend. Then one afternoon, having tea at the St. Francis, she looked across the dimly lighted room and detected her sister in the company of a florid, stout, silver-headed man of perhaps sixty; she thought the face a pig's face, stupid and fatuous, and she instantly loathed the proprietary manner, the air of gallantry and determined youthfulness; his insistence upon dancing and the old-fashioned way he danced, inspired in her a sort of loyal shame for her sister. There was a spry, old-man briskness about it that was revolting, but Coral danced with him charmingly, her eyes and smiles all for him.

Meanwhile Houston Hickey was in a pitiful state of consternation. Coral never had time for him now; she was always in a state of deep abstraction, concentrating upon her big adventure; she bought expensive perfumes and new

(Continued on page 34*)*

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Woman in Love

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hats, but she contributed nothing to the family exchequer, and her response to her mother's genteelly expressed desire to meet Mr. French was merely an absent-minded, "Oh, Lord, of all things I *don't* want!"

Coral's plan and Coral's problem marked sharply, for Tamara, the line between the two worlds she had known. Mother Laurence would not merely have been unhappy at the idea of a young actress spending all her energies upon the capture of an elderly worldling already married and saddled with family responsibilities; she would have felt it Tamara's duty to admonish and advise her sister.

Tamara decidedly did not feel it so. The world about her now was a grimy, sordid, practical affair; the shrewd woman was the one who considered the main chance in whatever form it presented itself. Coral was not talented, she was not successful as a professional woman, and she could see all about her other women scrimping and worrying, drifting about between theatrical agencies and greasy restaurants, importuning uninterested men for parts to play in wretched second-rate productions, borrowing one another's hats, wraps, money; glad to find a meal or a friend anywhere and anyhow. If Coral could find a rich man who adored her—

TAMARA at this point in her musings might come up against the memory of this particular rich man. Stocky and fat, with a florid face and silver hair, a protuberant stomach and thin, spry old dancing legs—well, there seemed other than moral or ethical reasons for not marrying such a person. But after all, the younger sister would say to herself impatiently, wasn't it Coral's business! How could a cool, remote nun, safely held in life-old vows of chastity and poverty and obedience, judge of anything that went on in the crowded, odorous neighborhood of The Valhalla apartment house in San Francisco's theatrical quarter? What had magnificent St. Bride's, with its memorial gym, its tennis courts, its massive walls and shadowing oaks and maples, to do with Turk Street? Mr. French had money, and no matter what anyone said, money was terribly, frightfully important. Besides, it would all be legal. It might not be exactly ideal, but it would be legal.

Already she felt herself infinitely more fortunate than Coral. Coral had had only casual schooling, and nothing of that subtle thing that somehow penetrated into one's little-girl dullness and carelessness and which was called culture. Coral knew nothing of poetry or history; Coral never read anything except theatrical magazines and newspapers, and of them she read only what touched upon the theatrical personalities she knew or might have known. She never wanted anything except clothes and jewelry; she merely played with food, and drank only enough to please the man who at the moment was buying her drinks. Life didn't offer Coral much anyway; a rich marriage on any terms was perhaps as wise a step as she could take.

Tamara never quite justified this line of argument to herself but she acted upon it, and when in April Mr. French suddenly bolted for Alaska on a friend's yacht, she could be very patient with Coral's angry evidences of bitter disappointment. When he came back Mr. French was to visit other friends on the Klamath; he was to be in the East again for the midsummer tennis at Forest Hills; everything was very smooth and easy for him. For Coral was left the dingy Valhalla and the stuffy rooms; the discouraging round of the agencies; the veiled comments or insufferable sympathies of her friends.

Mayne came up to San Francisco often; the three-hours' flight meant nothing to him, and he preferred the northern city to the southern one in the languid spring months. Whenever he was there Tamara was constantly in his company, and they saw much of Persis and Joe, Pete, Mabel, Lucille, Bill and Gedge. Arwell Adams wrote some of his loveliest verse to "Mayne's girl." Tamara had the thrill presently of seeing eight lines called "Tamara" printed in an eastern magazine. Now and then six or eight of them went down to Pete's place at Highlands below Carmel. Here they cooked and tramped and sat about the evening fire in long, lazy arguments, and Adriana, who acted as hostess, mulled wine for them in the hot ashes. And always the friendship between

"We better give in to him, Louisa. I don't think he appreciates your bit of whimsey" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Mayne and Tamara strengthened and deepened and grew more and more of a miracle of joy.

From his first casual patronage of the shy little convent girl who had never been out to dinner with a man, Mayne had come to have a genuine affection for Tamara. He told her that he found her increasingly beautiful. "Too beautiful," he said. "You know it's a gift from the old lady's left hand." Tamara laughed indulgently at his enthusiasms, but sometimes when the dark gold of her tawny hair was trimly dressed and her hat happened to be becoming, and there was white at her young, smooth, throat her own mirror told her the same story. Lucile sketched her head in colored crayons, and Joe was constantly talking of painting her; they all flattered her continually as much by what they did and looked and implied as by what they said. And it was all very pleasant. After all, her life had its grimy, squalid underside. Her people were no credit, no help to her, and if this pleasant silver lining came along she would be nothing short of a fool not to make the most of every happy moment of it.

ONE night when he took her home from a downtown party in an old studio over the California Street market, Mayne said: "Will you do something for me sometime, Tam?"

Was it coming? Her girl's heart asked in a flutter as she looked up at him in the warm spring starlight.

"Probably," she said aloud.

"Some time—some night, perhaps when you've reached home after I've taken you home after a party, will you kiss me?"

THE earth tipped and the stars wheeled and Tamara stood still, looking up at him.

"You've kissed me," she said almost inaudibly.

"Yes, on your hair once or twice, and on the tip of your ear. I've never kissed you the way I've wanted to kiss you. I've held your hand, and you've leaned against me at Joe's or Pete's, but I want you to kiss me, yourself—the way a girl kisses a man. Don't look so scared, little Saint Tamara," Mayne interrupted himself to say, laughing. "You don't have to do it tonight. But sometime will you?"

They walked on, Tamara's whole being on fire. When they were in her doorway she said:

"Some day of course I will, Mayne."

"If I came upstairs might I have my kiss now?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, her throat thick, her eyes fluttering any way except to meet his own.

"Has any man ever kissed you, Tam?" Mayne asked, stooping a little to look into the downcast face. Her small, firm fingers were tightly holding his own; her lashes were lowered so that he saw their shadow on her clear cheek.

"Oh, no—except Lance."

"Don't want to—yet. Is that it?"

"Not—now," she said, laughing nervously. But Mayne came upstairs anyway.

Two of Willette's elderly friends, Horace Mhoon and his raddled, gray old wife, Fern Faraday, were there, and proud to meet Mayne Mallory. Tamara, demurely serving ginger ale and sandwiches from the delicatessen store downstairs, felt the situation almost unbearably thrilling; splendid, serious Mayne being wonderful to these tiresome old persons, and herself moving about silent and busy, and all the time the night sky rocking with the great words: "Will you kiss me some day, Tamara, the way a girl kisses a man?"

She knew she would kiss him some day. Meanwhile the thought of that kiss was with her through every waking hour, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night.

Four days later, just before leaving for Los Angeles, for a rather longer absence than was usual, he asked her to keep her word. They were standing on the high balcony outside of Persis' window. They had been lunching with eight or ten members of the usual group. Now it was mid-afternoon and the crowd had scattered and Tamara and Mayne were alone. In half an hour they would have to go to the train: Mayne was stopping for the week-end with his manager in Santa Barbara. He would go on in a day or two to Los Angeles and Tamara would not see him again until the new picture was done.

The early summer day was flawless in warmth and still blueness; there were no clouds in the high, clear sky; the bay was a gently heaving stretch of blue satin. All down the spilled steep gardens below the studio fruit trees and lilacs and acacias were in mad bloom; the late hawthorns made bright splotches of scarlet and creamy pink between the tumbled, crazy little houses and studios and shanties that descended the cliffs to the bay. Grass spouted everywhere, the sun shone serenely, bees buzzed above the blossoms with a homely farm sound that took Tamara back to St. Bride's kitchen and dairy gardens.

She was in wild spirits. The amazing thing had happened. Without her soliciting it, without her real belief in herself as a future actress, Markisohn had sent for her this morning and had offered her a little part in a play that was coming to San Francisco with most of the leading members of the New York production, but with half a dozen parts to be filled locally. This would mean that for a few weeks she'd really belong to the fascinating world in which she had been an onlooker for almost a year. Tamara's mother had been complacently pleased, as one who expected no less than this, and Coral, at home in bed when Tamara had returned with the news, had mingled envy with advice and congratulation.

MEETING Mayne at Persis Holloway's later, Tamara had said:

"You did it."

"I did not. All I did was to say to old Mark a few days ago that I often wondered why he didn't give you a break. I didn't even know the Black-Eyed Susan company was coming."

"Rehearsal Monday at ten!" Tamara had sung rather than said, and now when the lunch was over and almost everyone had gone she and Mayne were still discussing it.

"You won't miss me, this time," Mayne had said.

"I'll always miss you," the girl had answered with a quick look. And it was then that Mayne, looking down at her over her shoulder as he stood half behind and half beside her at the high balcony rail, had asked, in a lowered voice: "How about my kiss?"

For answer she turned, her color fluctuating, and raised to him a serious face, with expectant and half-frightened eyes, and instantly she felt the grip of his big arms about her slenderness and smallness, and the pressure of his lips upon hers.

"Tam, I've been waiting a long time for that!" Mayne said, in a whisper, as she drew back, laughing, breathless, a little dizzy, still with his arms about her. Even then she knew that this hour was forever to be remembered; the high balcony, the glorious, still, sweet spring day, the sprouting grass on all the ledges and in the little gardens, and this nearness of Mayne—his tobacco-scented tweed coat, the touch of his smooth-shaven cheek, the faint scent of shaving soap and fine firm brown flesh.

(To be continued next week)

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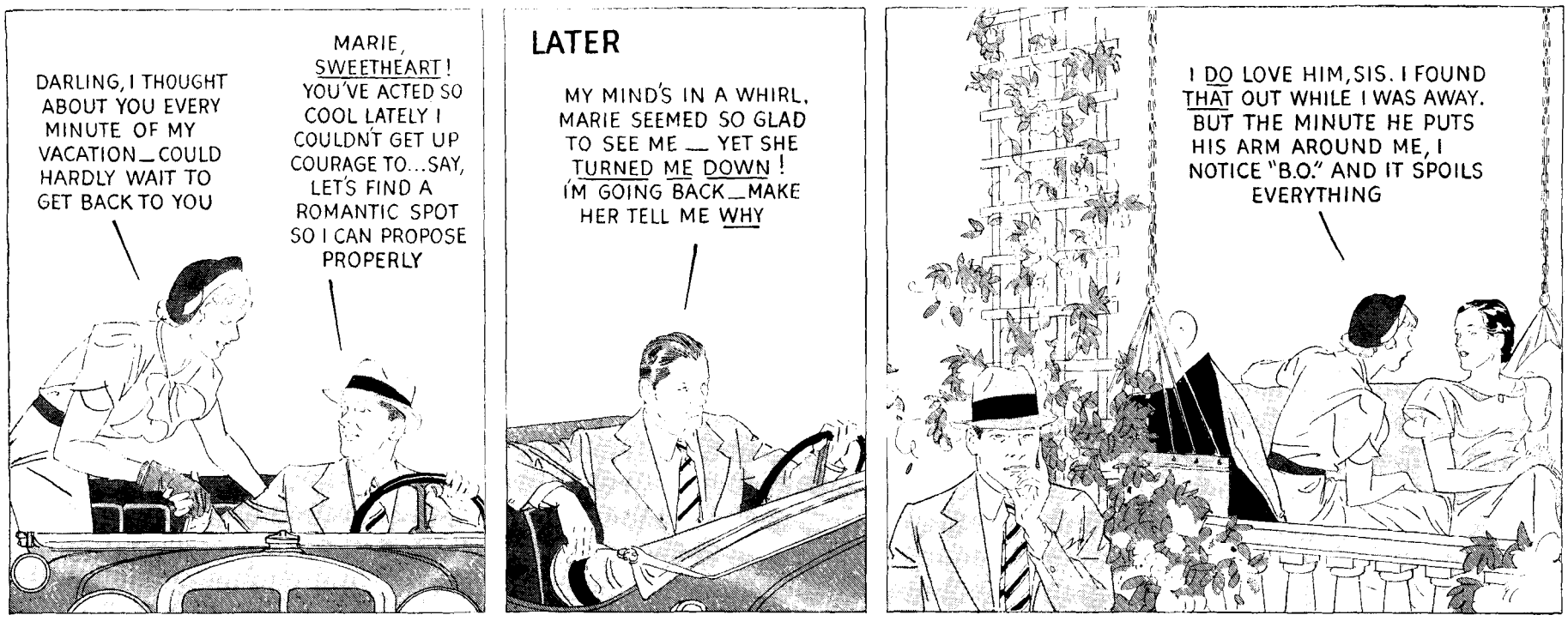
ABSENCE MAY MAKE THE HEART GROW FONDER BUT...

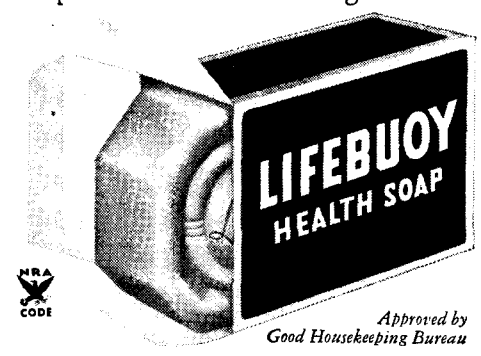

DARLING, I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU EVERY MINUTE OF MY VACATION—COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO YOU
MARIE, SWEETHEART! YOU'VE ACTED SO COOL LATELY I COULDN'T GET UP COURAGE TO...SAY, LET'S FIND A ROMANTIC SPOT SO I CAN PROPOSE PROPERLY
LATER
MY MIND'S IN A WHIRL. MARIE SEEMED SO GLAD TO SEE ME — YET SHE TURNED ME DOWN! I'M GOING BACK—MAKE HER TELL ME WHY
I DO LOVE HIM, SIS. I FOUND THAT OUT WHILE I WAS AWAY. BUT THE MINUTE HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND ME, I NOTICE "B.O." AND IT SPOILS EVERYTHING

SIX CAKES OF LIFEBUOY? SURELY SIR! MORE PEOPLE EVERY DAY ASK FOR THAT SOAP
GUESS A LOT OF US HAVE DISCOVERED IT IS WISE TO PLAY SAFE WITH "B.O." ESPECIALLY IN WARM WEATHER

HOW *important* to have a good skin—and how *easy* with Lifebuoy! A gentle yet thorough cleanser, Lifebuoy lather coaxes out pore-embedded dirt. Leaves the skin free to breathe—free to grow healthier. Wash with it daily. Watch your complexion clear and freshen—gain new radiance, a pleasing lustre.

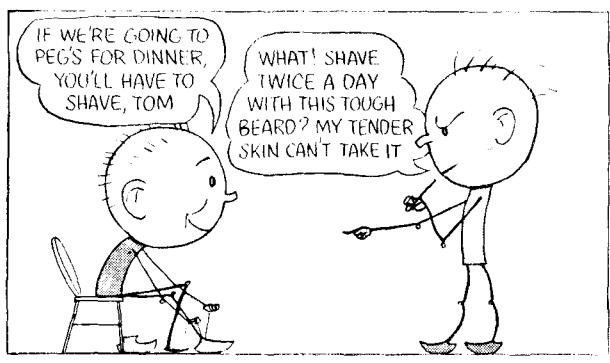
Danger time now

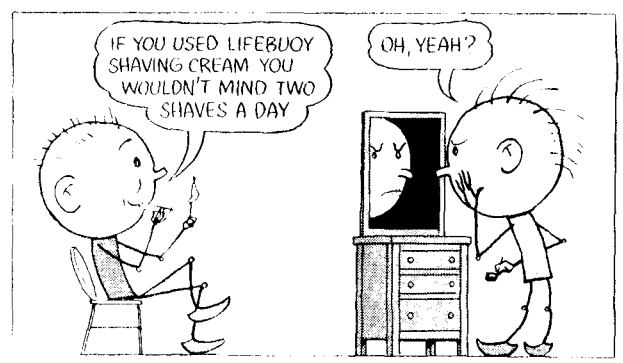
Play safe these hot, perspiry days—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its refreshing lather—abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—purifies and deodorizes pores. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

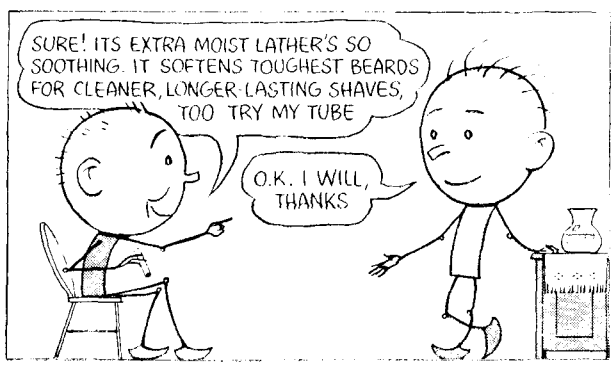


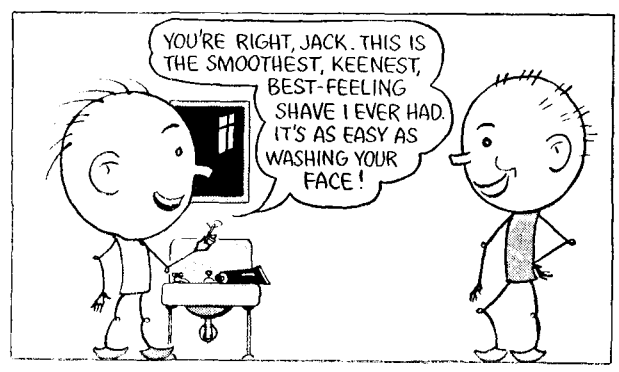
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

THERE ARE SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY


IF WE'RE GOING TO PEG'S FOR DINNER, YOU'LL HAVE TO SHAVE, TOM
WHAT! SHAVE TWICE A DAY WITH THIS TOUGH BEARD? MY TENDER SKIN CAN'T TAKE IT




SURE! ITS EXTRA MOIST LATHER'S SO SOOTHING. IT SOFTENS TOUGHEST BEARDS FOR CLEANER, LONGER-LASTING SHAVES, TOO TRY MY TUBE
O.K. I WILL, THANKS



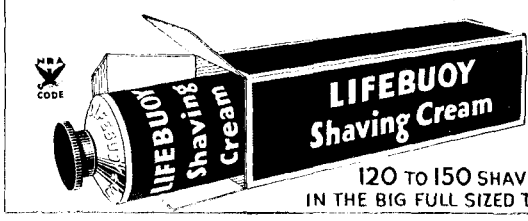
No beard too tough —no skin too tender

for this 52% "moister" lather

BEARDS just can't come too tough for Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather holds 52% more moisture—stays wet to the shave's end. Lifebuoy lather wilts the wiriest whiskers—quick—makes light work for the razor. Gives clean, close, long-lasting shaves in solid comfort. Soothes tender skin, too.

Send for FREE trial tube

Write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-118, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube.
(*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)



120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL SIZED TUBE

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When Gadgets go Haywire—

use—
Mobil Handy Oil

A CAN OF MOBIL HANDY OIL is first aid for the trouble shooter and first essential for smooth-running home, car or shop. It smothers squeaks that jar your nerves. Eases the lawnmower and makes its use a pleasure. Keeps shop, home and car appliances running smoothly.

Specially compounded, Mobil Handy Oil will not clog or gum. It is heavy enough to provide a tenacious lubricating film . . . light enough to penetrate hard-to-get-at places and cut rust easily. And it has unusual lasting quality to protect folks with poor oiling memories.

● A HANDY OIL worthy of the Mobil name, high in lubricating and penetrating power. Get it at service stations and dealers where Mobiloil is sold.

● MOBIL UPPERLUBE, in gasoline or lubricator, oils upper cylinders and rings, frees sticky valves, softens carbon and makes engines run quietly and smoothly.

Mobil-Products
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL
SOCONY-VACUUM

Ten Bells

Continued from page 17

items in Lamon Ward's individual income-tax return for the previous year became hopelessly tangled with the corporation income-tax return of Galaxy Productions.

Concluding his oration, "We have a recent Treasury ruling that will interest you. It should save you several hundred dollars. That's our bad luck, of course, but we are primarily interested in keeping the records straight."

Lamon Ward smiled pleasantly through a haze of cigar smoke. "That's the first good news I've had since Tiger was a pup," he said to James Lee. "All going out and nothing coming in is the theme song we've been hearing."

James Lee nodded sympathetically. "I know—the picture game is mighty tough on the producer's bank roll. The public doesn't know a thing about what it costs to make a big picture."

"Tough and then some! In this game right when a man thinks he's heading for a rake-off, something happens and before he knows it he skids into the red up to his neck. Look what happened on this picture we're shooting at the present time. Everything lined up for the home stretch and one of the leading characters gets himself killed!"

JAMES LEE'S countenance was a mask of interested innocence. "I suppose there's no such thing as insurance on your actors while you're making a film?"

"Of course there's insurance," Ward returned. "I'll collect two hundred thousand from the Hazard Guaranty outfit on Mercer's accident, but what of it? That still leaves the books a long ways from the black ink."

James Lee's eyes widened in amazement. "I'd no idea pictures cost that much," he said. "It must be a terribly interesting game of heavyweight poker, playing for stakes like that."

"It is a terribly interesting game. Have you ever watched an outfit shoot a picture?"

"I never had the luck to be invited."

"Would you like to see them shooting Death for Love?"

"Nothing I'd like better."

Lamon Ward got to his feet. "Come along. I'll introduce you to Vernon Zenger. He's the director. He's a big shot in the picture game. I discovered him in Germany. I'll introduce you to him and you can see what makes the wheels go round in a picture studio."

A moment after his introduction to the director, James Lee reached into the left pocket of his coat and hauled out a polished silver cigarette case. He handed it to Zenger. "Will you have a cigarette, Mr. Zenger?" he asked.

The director smiled and shook his head. He handed the case back to James Lee. "Thanks," he said. "We don't smoke while the cameras are working."

"Sorry," James Lee said. "Thoughtless of me. Three or four cigarettes with smoke drifting all over the shop and every scene would look like the Chicago fire. I suppose you have to pay as much attention to keeping the air clean as you do to the floor. That's what that boy is doing over there with the oiled mop, isn't it?" James Lee pointed to a Chinese boy who was erasing a trail of footprints from a waxed floor.

"That's it. We've got to watch every detail. If we don't, the public watches them for us—at our expense."

At seven o'clock that night, James Lee rang the bell of the apartment where Sally Chapman lived with her mother.

"I want to talk with you about your friend Tommy Hale," he said to the girl.

"Are you another reporter?"

"I'm making a confidential investigation of this case for the defense," Lee answered. "You don't believe that Tommy is guilty of murdering Pierre Mercer, do you?"

"He's no more guilty than you are."

"Where did the loaded cartridge come from?"

"I'm tired of that question. That's what everybody asks. How do I know?"

"Tommy loaded the pistol, didn't he? Have you talked with him about that detail?"

"You read what he said to the prosecuting attorney. He'd been loading those pistols all during half a dozen rehearsals of the scene."

"Never mind that question. The district attorney dug up a motive for the murder."

"Tommy was jealous. You mean the times I went out with Mercer?"

James Lee nodded. "It appears that he had reason to be jealous. You dined and danced with Pierre Mercer half a dozen times publicly, didn't you?"

"Of course I did. I went out with him because he wanted to help me with a part in the next picture that Zenger is going to make. Zenger told Mercer to teach me how to use my voice."

"Where did you meet Zenger?"

"I met him in the studio. I called there two or three times when Tommy was going to take me out to supper."

"How did you happen to visit Zenger's house?"

"He told Mercer to bring me out to see him. He wanted to talk to me."

"Mercer was shot on Thursday. When you saw Tommy Wednesday night he threatened to kill Mercer, didn't he?"

"Yes—he was drunk."

"Did Tommy own a .38 revolver or a pistol of that caliber?"

The girl nodded. "He had a .38 revolver that he used to take with him when we went into the mountains."

"So that he might easily have had a few loose .38 cartridges lying around his house?"

"I hadn't thought about that at all. He wouldn't be careless with things like that."

"You mean if he did put a cartridge into the pistol that killed Mercer it would have been a deliberate act on his part—and not carelessness?"

The girl's eyes blazed. "What are you trying to do! Didn't you tell me you were trying to save Tommy's life?"

James Lee bowed. "I am trying to save Tommy's life," he said.

THERE was some difficulty in locating Wong Bok Chung, but after five unsuccessful telephone calls James Lee managed to get a line through to that eminent member of the Wong family.

After appropriate inquiries regarding the health and well-being of his distinguished countryman, and after a cackling series of felicitations had been enjoyed under the Ritual of Right Conduct, still speaking in the common Cantonese dialect, "I desire to obtain the address of one of our countrymen who dwells within your district," James Lee explained. "His name is Chin Hoy." Lapsing into English, "He is employed in the studio of Galaxy Productions. I wish to see him tonight. I am at the Biltmore Hotel."

"He will visit your room before midnight," Wong Bok Chung promised.

"Long life and plenteous years," James Lee concluded.

At eight minutes after eleven o'clock Chin Hoy knocked on the door of James Lee's room in the Biltmore Hotel.

"How may I serve you?" the visitor asked after he had been admitted to the room.

"I am interested in the regrettable tragedy that involved the death of Pierre Mercer," James Lee answered. "You were present when Mercer was shot, were you not?"

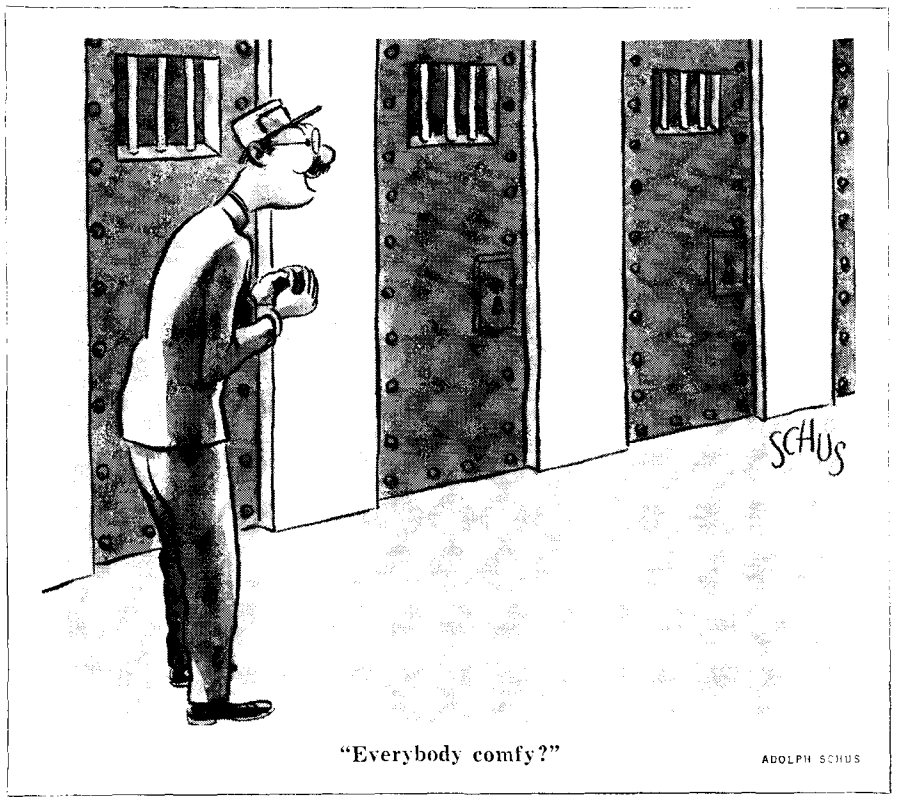
With the memory of the scene masking his face with sorrow, "I saw the white man die," Chin Hoy said.

"Did you see Tommy Hale load the pistol that the director, Vernon Zenger, used?"

"I did not observe that."

"At each rehearsal of the duel, after the pistols were fired, what became of the empty cartridges?"

"Mr. Tommy Hale threw them on the



"Everybody comfy?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

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floor. In the course of my work I swept them up."

"What did you do with them?"

The frown on Chin Hoy's olive-tinted brow softened. "I have a little daughter," he said. "She is six years old. I saved the empty cartridges and made a necklace of tinkling bells for her to wear."

James Lee reached in his pocket and produced a roll of currency. He snapped a twenty-dollar bill toward Chin Hoy. "Take this money. Get a taxicab; go home; bring me that necklace of tinkling bells. Tomorrow you can give your daughter another bit of jewelry to replace the one I want. One moment! . . . Can you remember how many empty cartridges are in the necklace?"

For ten seconds Chin Hoy stared blankly into the obscure caverns of memory and then, "I bought nine bits of white jade to go between the bells," he said. "There are ten empty cartridges in the necklace. They are hung on a silken cord."

"Did you get them all?"

"I got all of them except the two that were fired at the time of the murder. The police officers kept them and the pistols."

In the hour after midnight Chin Hoy returned with the necklace he had made for Lily Chin out of the empty cartridges. "Here it is," he said, handing the tinkling ornament to James Lee. "And here is also sixteen dollars and eighty cents—your change from the twenty-dollar bill."

"Thank you—keep that money. It will buy a silver necklace for your daughter." James Lee carried the string of empty cartridges to a cone of bright light that flooded the top of a writing desk. In this strong light he studied the empty cartridges for five minutes, examining the metallic shells under an eight-diameter Coddington lens. He reached in his pocket for a knife and cut the silk cord that joined the cartridges and the nine bits of white jade. He handed the jade and the fragments of the cord to Chin Hoy. "You may have these," he said. "Return to your home now. You will say nothing to anyone of what you have done tonight, of what you have seen, of what I have said to you."

Chin Hoy bowed to James Lee. "A wise man understands a nod," he returned. "I hope Kwan Yin may smile upon you."

James Lee nodded and held out his hand to his countryman. "Good luck," he said, shaking hands in the western manner. "Good luck and good night."

AFTER his visitor had left, James Lee turned again to the ten empty cartridges that lay on the table in the bright glare of the reading lamp. He inspected them once more with his magnifying lens, dividing them into two groups. There were five cartridges in each group. He put them into two envelopes and dropped them into the left pocket of his coat. Then he went to bed.

The next morning at nine o'clock, after he had bathed and breakfasted, he went to the police headquarters. In the office of Lieutenant Crowell, who was in charge of the homicide squad, after he had introduced himself, "I would like to see the exhibits in the Mercer case," he explained.

"Anything you want is yours," Lieutenant Crowell answered. "I'm mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Lee. How does it happen you're interested in this Mercer killing?"

"I'm checking up for the Hazard Guaranty people. Mercer's death stuck them for two hundred thousand dollars." James Lee paused. "Do you think there's a chance of getting a confession out of Hale?"

Lieutenant Crowell grunted. "He'll go up thirteen steps to the scaffold without breaking. He rigged the murder—"

Interrupting Lieutenant Crowell, one of his clerks came in with the exhibits in the Mercer case. "Here's the gun that Tommy Hale shoved the loaded cartridge into," the lieutenant explained. "Here's the bullet that the surgeons took out of Mercer's heart. Here's another test bullet we fired to match up the rifling of the pistol. Here's the empty cartridge that held the death bullet and—"

"Let me see that cartridge!"

A close observer might have detected an unusual nervous tension in James Lee's manner at this moment.

Lieutenant Crowell handed him the empty cartridge that had held the death bullet. "Union Metallic .38," he said, and when James Lee produced his magnifying lens, "You'll see that it is flared a little on the open end. The pistol was chambered for a longer cartridge."

JAMES LEE gave thirty seconds to a careful inspection of the death cartridge, and then he put the cartridge and the magnifying lens on the desk in front of Lieutenant Crowell. "Tommy Hale is innocent," he said quietly. From the left pocket of his coat he hauled out the two envelopes containing the ten empty cartridges that had been part of Lily Chin's necklace. He opened these envelopes. "The Chinese sweeper in the studio saved these shells," he explained. "They were fired in rehearsing the duel scene. Take that lens and look at the impressions of the firing pins in the soft copper caps. . . . Look at these five empty cartridges from the first pistol. . . . Now look at this other group. They were fired from the second pistol. Observe the little V-shaped mark that the firing pin made. Remember the two short parallel lines made by the firing pin of the first pistol."

"I see the difference," Lieutenant Crowell said. He picked up the empty cartridge that had held the death bullet. Through the magnifying lens he looked at the impression of the firing pin in the soft copper cap in the end of the empty brass shell for ten seconds and then, voicing the conclusion that followed a brief train of reasoning, "There must have been a third pistol!" he exclaimed. "This differs from both of the other types! The firing pin that hit the copper cap in the death cartridge is different from the other two!" Looking straight at James Lee, "That means there must have been a third pistol," he repeated. "Zenger carried the third gun—and nobody saw him make the switch!"

"Right!" James Lee nodded in agreement with this statement. "If I may suggest the next move, Lieutenant, you will arrest Zenger right away."

"Right away and then some!" Lieutenant Crowell exploded. He reached for one of the telephones on his desk.

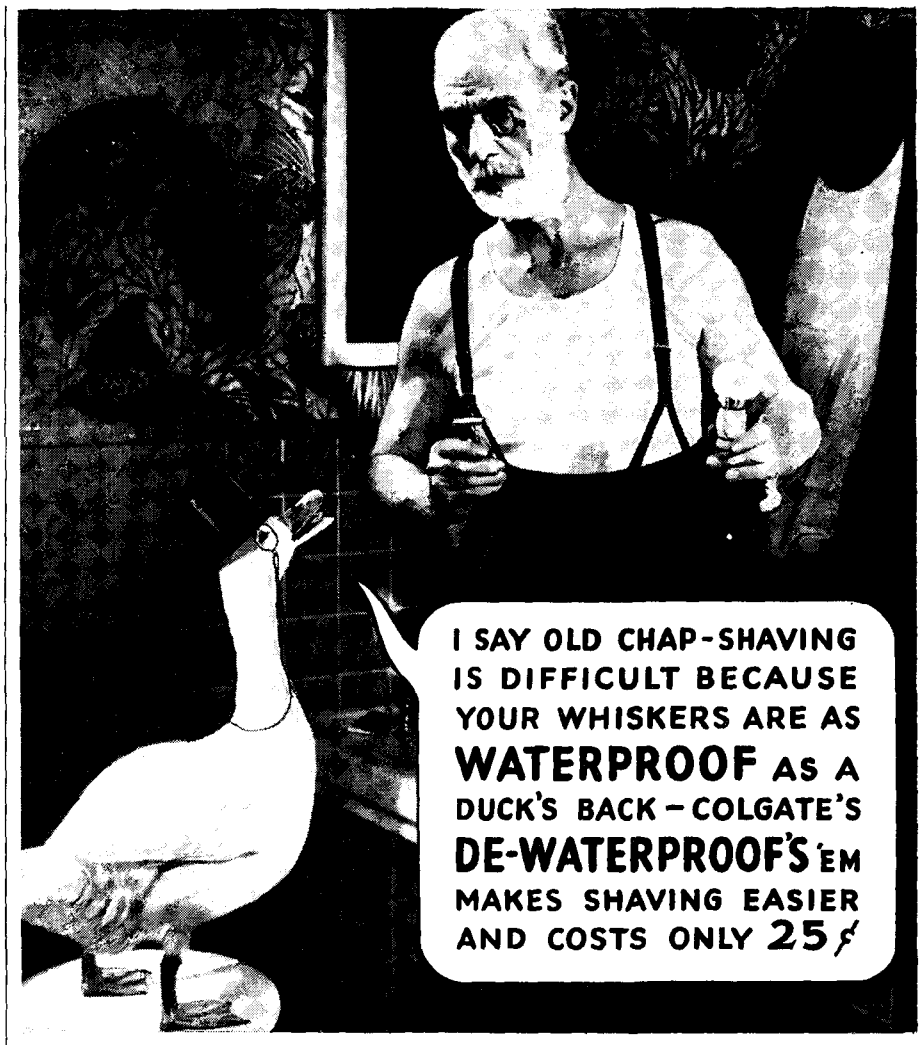
"Just one second." James Lee laid his hand on the lieutenant's arm. "It might be well to have your men arrest Lamon Ward along with Zenger—but keep them apart."

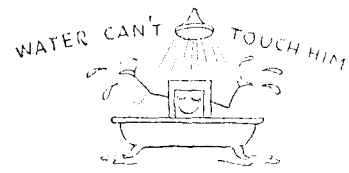
After a moment's thought Lieutenant Crowell smiled grimly. "You're right," he said. "Ward would be the one to get the insurance money. I'll bring him in along with Zenger. . . . You've done a mighty slick piece of work, Mr. Lee."

"Lamon Ward and Zenger did the slick piece of work," James Lee amended.

"Slick enough," Lieutenant Crowell agreed. "They only missed the firing pin trick—but you happened to ring the bell with the ace of trumps."

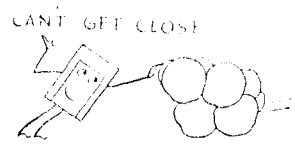
James Lee smiled at the lieutenant's compliment. To himself, "Ten bells!" he reflected. "The ten tinkling bells of Lily Chin's necklace— The death knell for Ward and Zenger."


I SAY OLD CHAP-SHAVING IS DIFFICULT BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK – COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOF'S 'EM MAKES SHAVING EASIER AND COSTS ONLY 25¢



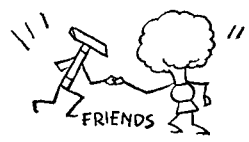
There's a waterproof coating of oil around every whisker on your face and that tough, waterproof coating is why whiskers often stymie the keenest razor.

To get a smooth, easy shave, you must first strip off every trace of that tough, waterproof coating from every whisker. Then your razor doesn't have such a battle on its hands.



But—most shaving creams aren't much help. Because they don't...*can't*...completely remove *all* the waterproofing. They froth up into big-bubble lather ...bubbles so big that you can't get many of them close to each individual whisker.

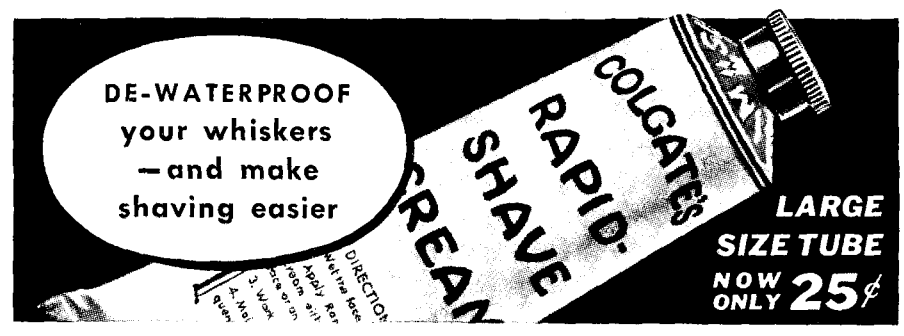
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream works differently. It whips into *small-bubble* lather . . . millions of *tiny* bubbles that crowd close around each whisker. Myriads of these little bubbles go to work on your whiskers and strip away every last trace of waterproofing. They *emulsify* the oil . . . *float it away.*



Then these tiny bubbles seep right down inside each whisker. Wilt it. Soak it *soft* as fuzz. And your razor cuts smooth and clean . . . without pain or pull.

See if it doesn't! Find out how much easier *small-bubble* lather makes your daily shave. Try Colgate's. The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢ . . . buy it today.

P. S. *For the nth degree of shaving comfort, follow a Colgate shave with Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.*



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it soothes

Our Baking Soda, pure Bicarbonate of Soda, is a helpful first aid. A paste of Baking Soda and water will quickly ease the suffering caused by sunburn . . . it will bring quick relief from the pain of burns and scalds. Likewise for bee stings, mosquito bites, ivy poisoning, a paste of Baking Soda is immediately soothing. Your grocer has either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda, which are identical, in convenient sealed containers for just a few cents a package —keep a supply on hand, it renders many helpful services.

BAKING SODA SOOTHES

The Roving Guardsman

Continued from page 13

days later. Just after the men had come in from the fields at noon, for dinner, an open red flivver swooped down over the hill, and turned in at the driveway. Enar Olson got out of it! Dagmar was sitting next to Hjalmar on the front step, preparing to tell him that she was nearer ready than she ever had been before, when this happened. All she could do was catch her breath, that's all, and sit there. Hjalmar could not even catch his breath.

Enar Olson had on white pants and black-and-white shoes, but no sash.

"Hello," he said. "How about a little ride?"

"I'm glad to do it," said Dagmar. She walked over and sat in the car. "Tell Ma I went for a ride with Enar Olson," she said to Hjalmar.

"What for?" said Hjalmar, slowly standing up.

"You tell her so's she'll know."

"What's the idea?" Hjalmar was saying as they drove off.

WHEN she came back she was so weak she could hardly get out of the car.

"I'll wait here while you ask 'em," Enar said.

It did not take long because the whole family was sitting in the rocking chairs on the front porch, waiting. She had to talk in the old language because she was so excited.

What she said was: she had been invited to a dance in Madison. As if that wasn't too much, it was more than a dance: it was a contest. As if that wasn't too much, it was a contest given by dance-hall managers who were trying to find a new style of dancing for the big cities next fall. And if that wasn't too much, then this was: some of the big bands they heard on the radio, like Wayne King, and Guy Lombardo, and Ben Bernie, might be there and play for it.

Naturally, they said she could go. Of course, she could go! Nobody in the family could really believe it had happened to her, especially Hjalmar.

"What's going to be the end of it?" was all Hjalmar could say, shaking his head. Since Saturday night at The Barn most of the conversation had gone out of Hjalmar.

Twenty minutes after sunrise the morning of the great day Dagmar's father called her outside. He talked to her about how she should behave, and went back over what her mother had always told her. Dagmar said:

"Nobody has to worry any about me."

"That is what I already know," said her father, "but Ma said I should tell it to you again. Now, then, I got my money from the government yesterday and here is fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" said Dagmar, pressing her hands to her breast to keep her heart down.

"Over there in the city," her father told her, "the women pay more for dresses, so your ma says, than ever happens here. We want you to try a good store and buy a dress for that dance even if it costs you thirty dollars."

She cried. She felt like crying again when Enar Olson called for her in his red flivver at six-thirty. And when they drove off and she looked back, especially at Hjalmar, who was still wondering where it all would end, she broke down. She had brought a good, big handkerchief in case of it.

"I know how you feel," said the Roving Guardsman. "I am kind of scairt myself."

One street, in the center of Madison, is a big circle, where the traffic is all mixed up, and very difficult to drive through. When Enar had finally negotiated his red car through the scramble and reached a quiet street, he stopped for a few moments to pull himself together. Then they found a tourist camp and hired two cottages, and drove the car in between them, under a roof. They separated for a while, and rested. Except that they couldn't get much rest because from a distance they could hear street cars.

Dagmar didn't know that when you pay even thirty dollars for a dress in a city store, it is not customary for three salesgirls and the head of the department, besides, to become interested in you. While it seemed logical that she should get some good attention, she was suspicious when they crowded around saying that the thirty-seven-dollar silver evening dress was adorable for her. She didn't know, of course, that when one of the salesgirls was hunting for a dress she had whispered to Miss Gaites, head of the department: "Heavens, what a complexion. Come and see it!" and another one had said: "Miss Gaites, you ought to see this girl's figure." And the other had said: "We're waiting on the most gorgeous natural blonde!" So that Miss Gaites, herself, hadn't been able to resist being interested.

The silver evening dress was cut low in the back, a perfect dress, showing her shoulders and all of her arms. Silver, they said, would contrast her complexion and her hair. But she hesitated because she needed shoes and stockings, too, and because she didn't realize they were being friendly to her. However, in the end, they found some slippers on sale for three-fifty, and some stockings for eighty-five cents. She put the whole outfit on and looked in the mirror. She looked good.

MEN with blue ribbons on their lapels, policemen, boys and girls who were to be in the contest, men selling canes, newsboys and magazine boys, and drunks and respectable people, were moving around in a mass outside the pavilion.

From the inside they could hear the music of the orchestra. When Enar had listened to a little of it, his face went dead white. His lips drew down and beads of perspiration stood out like raindrops on his forehead. He asked a man whose band it was, inside. The man told them.

Enar turned to Dagmar:

"Oh, my gosh! I don't think we had better try this. This is out of our class."

Dagmar's face was very pale, too, but she took Enar's arm and pushed him through the crowd toward the entrance.

"I got to go through with it now," she said, "after buying that dress."

It was like the novel, about rich people being bored with their yachts, and familiarity breeding contempt, for even Enar, now, in this place, did not seem like so much as he had before. The only way she could get him through the crowd was to push him.

In the pit of her stomach was a sick feeling, and in her heart was an earnest desire to go home.

At the far end of the waxed floor was the famous orchestra, and next to the orchestra an arched doorway, where beyond a white railing they could see a lake in the moonlight. The lofty room was hung with Japanese lanterns. A man with a megaphone was in the middle of the room, shouting instructions, and the men in the orchestra, with tuxedos on, were tuning up.

To the left was the judges' stand, draped with American flags, and here sat the important men from all over the country who were the judges. Six silver loving cups, two much larger than the others, were on a table near by. The two biggest ones were for the winners—one apiece, so that each would have one, in case they split it up, afterward. People were moving around, looking at the loving cups, but Enar and Dagmar found a couple of unoccupied camp chairs and sat down.

A man with a blue ribbon went up to the microphone on the band stand and called for one hundred couples. Enar's number was not called.

They started the music, and the contest began. As the contestants were dancing, officials from the convention would run out and tap those who were good, and when the first dance ended only the bad ones were left on the floor. They just walked off. They were all through.

Then the next hundred couples were called.

Enar and Dagmar were in the second hundred. Their number was two thirteen.

"They wouldn't even notice it if we went home now," Enar suggested, hopefully.

Dagmar just lifted her arms.

There was a roll of the drums! Silence. Then music. . . .

Dagmar and Enar put their foreheads together, locked arms at the elbow, and moved off down the room, making their knees go to one side and then the other, the way Dagmar always danced. There is no word for what they did with their knees. It would not be wiggle, nor sway, nor twist; it was all that at once. Perhaps we could say they went off down the room doing a sniggle with their knees.

Close to Enar, temple to temple, Dagmar could see perspiration rolling down his face in small streams and wetting his collar. His eyes were big and wide open, and he kept swallowing hard.

A man tapped them on the shoulder.

"O. K. for the semi-finals," he said.

They walked off the floor unsteadily, and sat down.

"I don't know if I can do it again," whispered Enar.

"You got to do it again," Dagmar told him

"They probably thought my number was two fifteen," said Enar.

"Even if it is a mistake," said Dagmar, "we got to go in it again."

But she wished it was over, too.

OVER in the judges' stand a small, neat, very tanned gentleman was biting his thumb nail.

"Catch anything yet?" he was asked by the man beside him.

All of the judges listened carefully for the opinion of the small, tanned man, because he was Oliver Trensill, the great dance director for motion picture studios, from Hollywood, California. He turned around.

"My dear boys," he said, "I told the committee when they were seeking a place for the convention, I said: 'You get your new ideas from the people, from the masses—from the backwoods and backwaters.' It is true. Now there's a couple there doing something that looks simply thrilling to me. It's new, different; exceedingly. Heads together—inspired by the carioca, no

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doubt, but they've locked elbows, hands clasped, and—and their knees! The way they move their knees. . . . If I created a dance like that in a picture, it would sweep the country, simply sweep the country. Now, watch next time. I'll point them out to you boys. Call it the Wisconsin Wiggle, or get a better word. Number—number two thirteen. Now, watch. . . ."

It was a long time before the semi-finals. There must have been a thousand couples in the contest. Minutes dragged by, and with each Dagmar felt more frightened, and more alone, and more homesick. Enar was not helpful, because he was frightened, too, and admitted it.

"What's the use of being in the dance business when you come up against something like this that is out of your class?" he said. "If you can't compete with this stuff, why then you are a second-rater, and ought to be out of it. My old man's got an elevator at Readsville and I can have a job there whenever I want. I'm just about going to take it, too."

At that very moment a couple swirled past doing tricks with their feet that Dagmar wouldn't have thought possible.

"You see!" whispered Enar. "What chance we got here?"

"Let's go home tonight instead of tomorrow," agreed Dagmar. "We can be home early in the morning."

"Now you're talking!" Enar brightened.

"I have used the dress a little now," said Dagmar slowly. "Maybe we should leave right now."

"Let's go!" said Enar.

They were pushing through the crowd when a man said into the loud-speakers:

"Semi-finals! Semi-finals!"

"Hurry up!" said Enar.

The people near the door were excited. They were standing on tiptoe with their hands on each other's shoulders, and they paid no attention to Dagmar and Enar, who wanted to push through.

Suddenly they were caught in a swarming crowd of dancers who were making for the floor. At the far end of the room, near the orchestra, was the back door. They decided it would be easier, and quicker, to dance down the room and slip out there, quietly, unobserved.

They put their heads together, locked their elbows and danced down the room.

The tanned man in the judges' stand jumped to his feet, and pointed excitedly:

"Look!" he cried. "That's it!"

All the men in the judges' stand stood up.

ENAR and Dagmar were making good progress toward the back door when somebody tapped them on the shoulder. They did not hesitate, nor sway from their purpose, but sniggled continuously on. The man tapped them again. They moved their knees in that strange and interesting way for a good ten yards.

But when they drew near the exit they found that the crowd here, too, had been surging about with excitement, and escape was blocked. They discovered two chairs, near the wall, and sat down to wait for a chance to get out. They had a hemmed-in feeling now, a feeling of desperation.

"Finals!" shouted the loud-speaker over their heads. "Finals!"

And now, because of the turmoil and rushing about, the space near the front entrance was clearing. Policemen with clubs in their hands were shoving at the people. Enar and Dagmar looked up to see a happy little avenue of escape.

They rose to their feet, put their heads together, and sniggled as rapidly as the slow tempo of the music would allow, toward the front door.

A man with a blue ribbon on his lapel trotted along beside them, looking at the judges' stand and pointing at them.

The crowd all over the big room was laughing, and shouting, and pointing at them, too.

Perspiration was rolling down their faces and down their chins. It was all bedlam and swarming of people. When they finally arrived within running distance of the front entrance another change had taken place, and once again the policemen were having trouble with the crowd.

"Quick!" said the Roving Guardsman. "The back door!"

They put their heads together with a bump, and sniggled off.

The man with the megaphone was in the middle of the dance floor, shouting at the top of his voice. Something had happened. There were not so many dancers. He was saying that those who were tapped should go to one end of the room, and those who were not, to the other. Officials with blue badges were rushing here and there, tapping people. Enar and Dagmar were too busy trying to get out to know if they were tapped or not, or where they should go in any event. It was all very confusing.

The tempo of the music became very slow, indeed, and with frantic, rhythmic delay they wiggled their knees and swayed their bodies toward an opening that had finally been made at the back door. Behind them was cheering—wild yelling that nearly drowned out the music . . . with a sigh of relief they danced through the arch.

And then they made a shocking discovery—the back door led only to a balcony over the water, and was not a rear exit at all!

Dagmar began to cry.

Three men from the judges' stand came out on the balcony. Two of them were carrying the largest loving cups, and the one without a loving cup said:

"Congratulations. Good showmanship—that exit!"

THE morning sunlight was spreading over the hills at Burton when the red flivver came rushing down toward the town; away beyond the town, in the green fields, between two of the highest hills, was the farm. It looked good. It looked quiet. Dagmar felt that she couldn't reach it soon enough.

For the hundredth time, Enar was saying:

"How could it be all a mistake? They said it wasn't."

"I am not going to talk about it any more, now," said Dagmar. "I want some romance in my life, but not too much."

"Then do you suppose it was a funny dance we did, and we got a comedy prize?"

"Give me my loving cup," said Dagmar, "and just let me out at the front gate."

She stood in the cool yard. She was in her beautiful evening dress and her silver slippers. She didn't turn around, or look back, when Enar drove away toward the hills because, ahead of her, through the barn door, she could see Hjalmar, milking.

She walked in and stood behind the cow for a few minutes, with the loving cup in back of her.

Hjalmar finally looked up.

She spoke to him:

"Hjalmar, I had in mind when I was ready, you and I could go down to the river, by the old mill, and you could ask me if I was ready yet. That was a kind of romantic idea I had once. But now I don't care if you would do it here in the barn."

"What is it now?" said Hjalmar.

"Ask me if I am ready yet," said Dagmar.

"Are you ready yet?" asked Hjalmar.

"Yes," said Dagmar.

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Big Bend—Broken

Continued from page 26

wrong. Existence here isn't as dull as it looks on the surface. This good woman's husband has evidently exercised his God-given privilege and worked her over with a *tequila* bottle, and so there must be some spark of life still left in the old country."

But what a mistake that was! "Will you go and find the doctor for me?" asked the woman.

"Certainly," I replied. "Yes'm. Right away, but what shall I tell him happened to you? Who hit you, and what with?"

"Oh, nobody hit me," she replied sweetly. "It was just a golf ball. I was making a spoon shot out of a sand-trap and the ball hit a rock and bounced back, and . . ."

Shades of Old Shafter!

But I was gone. I had heard enough. I went in, told the doctor about the calamity, thinking meanwhile of the day, years back, when he and I had treated another calamity composed of six men who had all tried to carve one another to bits, and then I went on to my own room to do some more thinking. I needed to think. It was terrible. "Can it be," I muttered, "that the men in this section who once packed six-shooters and wore boots, spurs and big hats are now toting golf clubs and going shamelessly around in knee pants and Oxford shoes? I must find out. No matter what it costs me in the way of emotional strain I must go and see."

I went, I saw and I suffered. I walked down to Shafter's golf links—which stony and historic area I had once seen all cluttered up with wounded Mexicans—and there they were: the élite of the Big Bend. Shame on them. Twenty years ago if any one of them had dared to appear in public in any such regalia as they were all brazenly sporting he would immediately have been taken in hand by Bob Speed, Jess Sanders, Joe Bunton, Ira Cline, Andy Barker, Al Driffle, and a few others who represented the higher ideals of the community, and pitched in the creek. He might even have been shot and nobody would have looked upon it as anything else but a constructive killin'. Today it would be called a murder, and speaking of murders:

That same night in talking things over with one of the old gang, who was apologizing because he hadn't shot but one man in the last eleven years, I solved a couple of mysteries that have bothered me for a long time. One of these concerned the destruction of a Mexican reformer who, while I was down there, had tried to break up a free-for-all petting party, in which his wife was one of the pettees, by heaving a homemade dynamite bomb into the center of the festivities. His effort was successful in that he blew the house all to pieces and one woman, not his wife, into very minute fragments.

At his trial the man was acquitted on the ground that the killing of this woman was an accident. According to the verdict brought in by the jury, if he had demolished his wife, for whose benefit he had concocted the bomb, it would have been cold-blooded, premeditated murder for which he would have been promptly hanged. But, as he had never even been introduced to the other squaw, and therefore couldn't possibly have any desire to destroy her, he wasn't guilty of anything and the poor woman was just out of luck for having been there. However, he wasn't loose long. Two days after his release from jail his well-perforated remains were found in a saloon alley, several prominent Big Benders having decided to right things.

Living in another community down there on the Rio Grande is another man who was the outstanding hero in one of the most constructive little massacres that ever took place in the Big Bend. Recently I met this fellow again and after we had exchanged greetings, he said, in response to a question:

"Yeah, I'm the man. I'm the fellow that killed Patricio Gonzales. It was some mess, wasn't it?"

It certainly was. Patricio Gonzales was the *jefe* of the most industrious gang of cow thieves that had operated on the border for years and, as the story of his killing is better than most western thrillers, here's the outline of it:

One morning Joe Sitter, a river guard we all liked, ran into a couple of the Gonzales rustlers, chased them down to the Rio Grande and, with no X, but a lot of buzzards flying high in the air to mark the spot where the shooting had taken place, he left them there. A few days later, however, Joe having unfortunately run into some of the rest of the Gonzales gang, the buzzards were flying high over him. This was just a little too much for the non-golf-playing Big Benders of those days to tolerate, and so, at a very quiet and earnest little meeting it was decided that a delegation would ride down to the Mexican village of Pilares, which was Señor Gonzales' hang-out, and exterminate him and all his followers. The next day this idea was carried out in complete detail. The man who was telling me about it led the avengers and when they had reached the edge of the settlement he left the rest behind, hidden in the brush, while he rode on in to investigate. Locating Gonzales' adobe house, he went up to it, dismounted, and hammered on the door. A pretty Mexican girl opened it and asked what he wanted.

"Patricio Gonzales," he replied. "I'm going to arrest him."

The girl looked frightened but friendly. "You better go away," she said. "Quick. Patricio is not here now, but he'll be back soon. He's very brave too, and he'll surely kill you."

"Oh, I guess not," said the American.

How to Make a Ghost Town

Just at that second a gun cracked and a bullet hit the wall within an inch of his ear. Patricio had arrived; there was no doubt about that, and the fun started. The American jumped inside the door, the girl slammed it in the Mexican's face and locked it; the American ran out the back way, came around the corner and killed Gonzales with his first shot. In the meantime the rest of the non-golfers, having come in on the run from the brush, were transacting business with a number of Gonzales' Mexican neighbors who had emerged shooting from their various adobe shacks. In less than fifteen minutes it was all over. In that short time the Americans killed every grown male Mexican in that village—sixteen or seventeen of them—with the result that from that day to this the settlement has been totally abandoned. It's one of the ghost places of the Big Bend. No Mexican will live in it because the air is too full of spirits.

The country itself, however, comprising about twenty or thirty thousand square miles of ruggedness, has not been planed off any. It is just as grand, just as beautiful, just as uncompromising, as it was when its rock-rimmed hills were the stamping grounds of nothing but goats and outlaws. From the peaks of the Chinatis, through an atmosphere as clear as crystal, a man can still see for a hundred miles in any direction, and at night he can almost reach up out of his saddle and pull down the stars, they are that close to him. But, as I have already indicated, the spirit of the inhabitants is not what it used to be. Even so, they are not exactly law-abiding citizens. On the contrary, as I see it, the Big Bend has gotten the short end of the trade it made with civilization in that it has swapped off the he-man wickedness that once made it glorious, and the he-man clothes that once made it picturesque, for the petty vices and the pretty costumes that go with them, of a hypocritical nation that is headed hell-bent for Hades but won't admit it.

The Vanishing Cow-Country

That this, the one remaining piece of Texas in which the old-time traditions of the state prevailed, should have been ironed out into flat conformity with Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth and Waco is just too bad. But what can we do about it? Nothing. As usual, history is repeating itself. It's the old, old story of the railroad and the dirt farmers coming in and running out the cow-men. They've conquered practically all the rest of the state and now they're conquering the Big Bend. It was inevitable that they should. The vast cultivated areas in the eastern and central parts of Texas once sent literally millions of cattle out over the trails to Abilene and Dodge City. Cotton, railroads and realtors, however, once they got a toe-hold, soon put an end to that traffic. Ground that will raise crops, or that can be cut up into townsites is too valuable to remain in the possession of cows, and so, although the cows and the cow-men have always put up a good fight, they have always been whipped.

Down in the Big Bend that's exactly what has been going on for the last six or seven years. The ubiquitous realtors have been busy selling town lots in what they hope will some day be the great city of Presidio.

To Presidio, then, we will now turn our attention. It is worthy of it because it is an old, old settlement whose history has never yet been written. A century and a quarter ago, when Texas was still a part of Mexico, a caravan route over which vast quantities of merchandise were carried back and forth between San Antonio and Chihuahua was established, and naturally two towns, one on each side of the river, sprang up where this trail crossed the Rio Grande.

These towns, however, were not equally prosperous. Judged by the number of its ruined and abandoned houses, Ojinaga, on the south bank of the river, must have had at one time a population of from twenty to thirty thousand. It is doubtful, however, if Presidio ever had, until recently, as many as two hundred and fifty *permanent* inhabitants. Its small size, though, was not much of a drawback to the town. What Presidio lacked in quantity of citizens it made up in quality, because even before the longhorns of the cow-men began to roam over the hills of the Big Bend the place was known as one wherein no questions were asked, and consequently was looked upon by transient gentlemen, who were not going to answer any, as a nice haven in which to locate.

For a hundred years, then, and in spite

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of many changes elsewhere that might have been expected to change it, Presidio continued to be exactly the kind of town its always exuberant, always shifting population wanted it to be. Texas became an independent republic, next it joined the American Union, then it switched over to the Confederacy, then it went back into the Union again, and Presidio paid no attention to any of it. Neither, to be honest about it, did any of the various governments under whose control the explosive little town had come pay any attention to Presidio. It was too insignificant to worry about, too far away to get at conveniently, and too tough to handle.

Today, this is all changed. When the citizens of Shafter and the rest of the Big Bend country went civilized and surrendered their spurs, their boots, their chaps and their six-shooters to Mr. Babbit, those of Presidio did the same thing. They even did more. Not being content with having destroyed their own personal appearance, their next move, made with great vigor, was to ruin the looks of their town. They've done it. You ought to see the place now. There's not a hitching rack in the town. Nor a saloon. Nor a dance hall. Nor a wagon yard.

Six-Shooters and Sissies

And look at the houses! Fine old adobe buildings, in whose thick walls were many historic bullet holes, have had to submit to the indignity of being covered over with a brick veneer. Main Street, once a free-for-all race track for illuminated cowboys, has been turned into an illuminated highway in charge of a traffic cop. And saddest of all—whereas in former times a stranger in Presidio who was suffering from hunger and thirst could easily satisfy himself by going to Concha's place and ordering up a pint of *tequila*, a stack of *tortillas*, a dish of *frijoles*, and a few slabs of goat meat, the best he can now do is run the risk of catching a bad cold by going into a restaurant, sitting under an electric fan, and allowing a girl in a white uniform to shove his grub at him—minus the tequila, of course—across a marble-topped counter.

Is it any wonder that when I was last in Presidio I suffered? Years ago when I used to visit the place frequently I never did. Everything then, even to the popping of the corks and the six-shooters, was peaceful and soothing to the nerves. When I was there it was Sunday but nobody seemed to know it. In fact the whole scene reminded me of nothing so much as a circus lot in Kansas on a hot summer afternoon. Everybody was just that busy, that enthusiastic and that dirty. Grading gangs were leveling off a big tract for a freight and passenger depot; numerous citizens, just arrived but without homes to live in, were hurriedly throwing shacks together, two or three lumber yards were doing a rushing business, the stores were all open, so was a picture show, so was a tent carnival, and so was the new toll-bridge.

This toll-bridge, which replaces an old ferry boat that I once fell off, delivers a man into a land where he can really raise a thirst. I joined the procession, crossed the Rio Grande, and in front of the very first saloon that I came to a man stopped me, shook hands and accused me of not remembering him. But I did. I couldn't help it, because once, in a little town called Ysleta where I had gotten myself into a jam with a couple of bad *hombres*, this man had suddenly heaved himself into the argument, and by slapping one of the pair to sleep with his gun and shooting a hole in the other one's hat, had saved me a lot of trouble.

I recalled this incident to him and then asked him if it was true, as I had heard, that since I had last seen him he had killed seven men on the American side of the Rio Grande for violation of the liquor laws. Modestly admitting that it was, and pooh-poohing my suggestion that the Anti-Saloon League ought to confer a Distinguished Service Cross upon him, he suggested that we step inside and have a drink. We did, and in the course of the conversation that went with it I was shocked and grieved to learn that he too had succumbed and had become a dirt farmer. "But," he explained much to my relief, "of course that ain't all I do. On the side I've built up a little rum-running business and I'm doing pretty well at it."

He should do well at it, because if there's any one thing that the real old-timers in the Big Bend now need to keep their waning spirits alive it's a lot of stimulants. I discussed the matter with a good many of them and they all feel like I do about it. They all agree that the advent of the railroad, the polishing up of the towns, the opening up of big farming areas, and the development of a rich mining district will benefit the country tremendously and that they will all gain much more than they will lose. But nevertheless they all mingle their tears with mine because it is pathetic for those of us who lived in it and loved it when it was the gaudiest, the goriest and the most interesting section of the border to have to admit that the Big Bend country of Texas has finally passed away.

Hard-Luck Guy

Continued from page 14

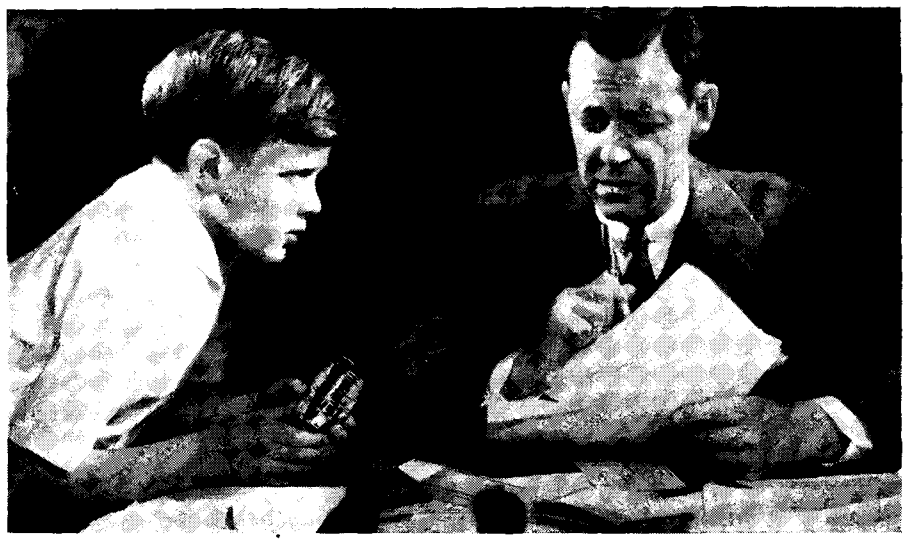
prison one day and asked the boys if there was anything she could do to help them.

"You can get me a fiddle," one voice called hopefully. So the kindly Belgian lady got a fiddle for the Scotsman who had asked for it and every day thereafter he would play the sad, sweet laments which belong to the country of heather, and Bobby, I am sure, would sit him down and cry but be quite happy withal, for that is the way it is with Scotsmen. The fiddler's name was Sandy Armour and he had a brother named Tommy, who was a major in the Tank Corps. Tommy Armour, him they call the Black Scot, and perhaps you've heard tell of him, for there is none better nor more favorably known in golfing circles.

Now one day this Sandy fell grievously ill of the dysentery and his lute was stilled. No more did the haunting sweetness of My Heart's in the Highlands or Oh, Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair come to those homesick Scotties to lift up their hearts and make them forget their lot. They were sad days.

We've gotten a long way from golf, but do you mind? Now one day Bobby joined a squad that worked in the fields and it was nice to get out and fill your lungs with air even if the air was tinged with the acrid flavor of gunpowder, for by now the front had come to within forty miles of this camp. One day Bobby and three pals conceived a brilliant but dangerous idea of escaping. Some Belgian laborers helped them and one night the four Scots soldiers found themselves free.

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 41)

A torturing, nerve-racking six weeks followed. They slept in haylofts all day and at night foraged in the fields for carrots and potatoes. Then they slowly made their way in the general direction of the first line. Time after time a kindly Providence saved them, and then one day they stumbled into a trench peopled with British soldiers. They were more dead than alive, these four Highlanders, and after identifying themselves they pleaded for food. A British officer filled four tumblers with whisky and handed them around.

"But, man," Bobby pleaded, "it's food, not drink, that we want. We haven't had a meal worthy of the name for weeks."

"On a day like this we celebrate," the officer said. "We drink. Who wants food on such a day?"

"And what day is this, please?" Bobby asked.

" 'Tis November 11th," the officer said, "and the war has been over these past two hours."

Now as Nellie was telling all this, Bobby himself came up and he stood there listening and for all I know reliving those days.

"So you were in the war?" I said to Bobby.

Bobby shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I just did my little bit. I fought a little when the others fought. I ran a little when the others ran."

A Short Cut to Happiness

When his company was demobilized Bobby went back home to finish his education at the University of Edinburgh. There he was the greatest all-round athlete in the university and he was equally proficient whether he was broad-jumping (his record there still stands) or running (he still holds the hundred-yard-dash record) or whether he was boxing, for Bobby was a fine man with his hands. But mostly he was studying law. That seemed such a long road, though, that he changed and took courses which would make him eligible for civil service jobs. And it was then that he met the father of Nellie, played golf with him, and saw Nellie herself.

And they were married and until now have lived happily ever after. In a fiction story that is always the end of the tale, but for Bobby and Nellie life only really began then and the story of Bobby the Golfer only began then.

One day Bobby was playing the course of Musselburgh, which is one of the oldest courses in the world. An elderly gentleman watched Bobby with interest and then came up and introduced himself. He was old Willie Parks and everyone in Scotland knows of old Willie Parks, one of the grand old men of the game, a great professional and golf architect. He had but recently returned from America.

"You've a nice style, son," he told Bobby. "You'd do very well in America; for they like Scot professionals there and they pay good money to those who make good."

Can't you imagine Bobby running home that night with his eyes shining and his mind full of pictures of America?

"How would you like to go to America?" he asked Nellie, and you may be sure that Nellie had a sudden sinking feeling. America seemed so far away. They knew hardly anyone in America. Her roots were here in Scotland, her family and Bobby's lived here but—

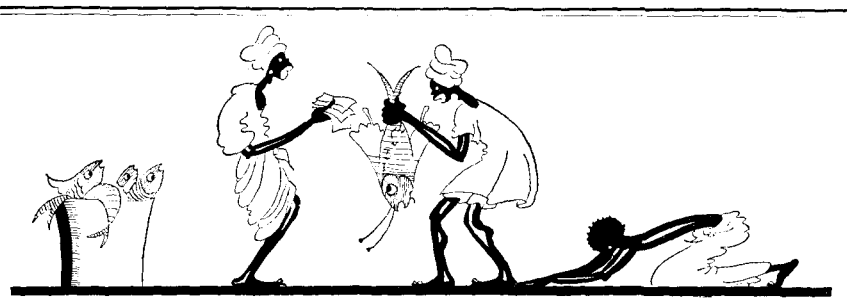
"I married you, Bobby," she said softly. "Where you go, I go."

So these two brave souls set out for America and it was a great adventure, for they had little money and only Bobby's worn-out golf bag filled with old clubs as weapons to fight the unknown future. Bobby soon got a job as an assistant pro at a New Jersey golf club. Then he began playing in tournaments whenever he could afford the trips. Wee Bobby looked so awfully small to be going up against the giants of the golf world, and scant notice was taken of him until he beat the mighty Walter Hagen in a tournament at Syracuse by seven strokes. Then in another tournament he tied for first place with Jim Barnes and Jock Hutchison and in the nine-hole play-off he beat them by three strokes. Since then he has been up there with the best of them, just missing that National Open time after time.

Oh, yes, he missed it again this year. A few hours after we sat there on the terrace at Merion he went out to find trouble on the final stretch and Olin Dutra came up with a rush to beat him. And again they said "hard-luck guy" when they mentioned Bobby's name.

Now the next time you see such a one as Cruickshank bucking the cold, impersonal cruelty of par don't think that he's just a golfing machine. I thought all great golf players had substituted a cold, calculating golf intelligence for love and life and laughter, but that isn't true at all. And you'd believe that if you had sat there on the terrace at Merion talking to Bobby and Nellie and Elsie.

Bobby and Nellie and Elsie. Just a golf player and his family. But they are such a brave and happy family, the Cruickshanks, that I thought maybe you'd like to meet them, too.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In a species of butterfly fishes caught off the coast of Zanzibar, certain markings on the tail fins often suggest Arabic letters. Some years ago, one of these fishes had its markings so arranged that they appeared to spell "There is no God but Allah" and "The warning sent from Allah." So a superstitious Mohammedan bought it for $1,600, or 80,000 times the price it would have brought in the native fish market.

In the British Navy, rum is ceremoniously served every day to each man who wishes it. Those who prefer money are credited with a daily cash allowance of four cents. Today, 57,000 of these sailors or 68 per cent of the entire force take the four cents instead of the liquor.—*By Louise Drucklieb, New York City.*

Up to about 1800 in England and France, the hardest working member of large households was the turnspit dog. In a revolving, treadmill-like cage, hung from the ceiling and attached by pulleys to the spit before the open fire, these dogs would run from two to three hours at a time, turning the meat while it roasted.

The danger of collisions at sea on foggy nights can now be minimized by a new invention which shows—with luminous spots and arrows on a compass-marked screen—the location and direction of every ship within a radius of ten miles. It is a cathode ray device which is operated by the radio signals sent out by other ships every twenty seconds. Pilots watching it know when and how much to change their courses.

Although this country long ago accepted the principle that the child offender should be provided with educational and correctional advantages instead of being imprisoned with hardened criminals, many states still send youngsters under 15 years of age to the penitentiary. A recent case in point was that of a boy of 12 sent to prison for life.

Up to a few years ago in the rural sections of the Tyrol in Austria, the "Ceiling Dance" usually ended each party. Balancing their partners upside down over their heads, the husky maidens would dance on the floor while their men danced on the ceiling.—*By A. B. Leak, Huron, South Dakota.*

The pinna, a genus of shell-fish in the Mediterranean Sea, is one of the few aquatic animals that spins silk. Years ago in Italy, this material was woven into cloth and used rather extensively in the manufacture of stockings. Pope Benedict XV wore a pair of them.

Landslides often cause considerable damage. A record-breaking one occurred in the Vale of Goldau, Switzerland, in 1806 when Mount Ruffi suddenly came tumbling down and, within a few minutes, not only killed several hundred persons but buried five towns and spread huge masses of rock over 20 square miles.

A modern diving suit is a rigid case of aluminum alloy, with movable arms and legs, in which the pressure is the same at all times, thus making it unnecessary for the diver to be lowered or raised by slow stages. It has no outside air supply. The air in it can be breathed over and over again as the carbonic acid is automatically removed. An instrument board contains a telephone, depth meter, thermometer and a compass.

Up to a short time ago, villages in Afghanistan not infrequently used a unique method to enrich themselves. A holy man would be assassinated and buried with pomp and publicity. And thereafter for years the community collected heavily—in tolls and high prices—from the pilgrims who came to visit the shrine.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Special Delivery

Continued from page 28

President down, thinks of me and my people!"

But this kind of stuff made no impression on the unemotional Harold Ickes, who told the House Appropriations Committee that a post office was no longer a community center, a clubhouse and a camp-meeting place; it was simply a receiving and delivery warehouse for mail. Although they baited the appropriation bill with a swollen sum for his home town of Winnetka, Illinois, he snapped: "Winnetka needs many things more than it does a sore-thumb post office." He flatly refused to expend public works funds if they wanted to continue to erect expensive and useless monuments, and asked them to give the building job to somebody else. So they shifted the new $65,000,000 construction program to Farley and Secretary Morgenthau, whose Treasury Department usually has charge of federal building. Maybe the boys thought they would get a better break.

They won't. The President sided with Mr. Ickes completely, describing modern post offices as nothing more than "service stations" and ordering that they be built for serviceability rather than sentiment. Besides that, the committee apparently forgot that Jim is a building contractor, and that before he became a gentleman farmer and a financial expert, Mr. Morgenthau studied architecture at Cornell. He is also the son of a successful New York real estate operator who has taught the boys some practical lessons.

So the old-fashioned post office, with its marble halls, its granite trim, its rattling radiators in winter, its shiny cuspidors, its arched ceiling, its statues of local heroes, its rooms blazoned with military banners and trophies, its cool corridors, is about to pass. Mr. Morgenthau's architects have already framed plans for structures which, though compact and attractive, will hardly inspire heroic heartbeats in the bosom of the all-American congressman or his constituents. The Post Office feels it needs the money more than he needs monuments.

Barometer of National Life

All this political economy is more essential now than ever before, according to Controller Will Slattery, who believes that the Post Office Department has reached the point of diminishing returns. He can't see much of a financial future for it. Every advance in the art of other forms of communication cuts into receipts, and the nation appears to be on the threshold of vast improvement of radio and telegraphic services. With good roads and low-priced automobiles and reduced railroad fares, people drive hundreds of miles to visit sweethearts, friends and relatives of a week-end, whereas they used to write to their darlings and say it with x's. Sunday was once a flowery writing day for the American people, but now the erstwhile folk of literary tastes have become itinerant conversationalists, or they flop on the shore and picnic grounds, spending their stamp money on hot dogs and beer.

There is no more faithful or impartial barometer of national life than post office receipts, which themselves set out the reasons for their decline. They record such contrasting dramas as the movements of population caused by a World War or a gala season at Miami, a depression in farming or a gold strike in Alaska. Fundamental changes affecting all society and momentary moods which darken or brighten the skies for a small section of the country are reflected in graphic detail. For the post office business depends on the shifting moods, imagination, money, movements and activities of people.

Wherever population flows, or wherever the thoughts of many people move in a kindred fear, or love or greed hover, there postal business perks up, too. A fire which spreads suffering in a great city, or a drought which burns up vast agricultural areas, precipitates a flood of inquiries, parcel post and money orders to the afflicted section. Reports of persecution of certain classes or races in foreign countries always start a stream of anxious sentiment across the water, these inquiries coming mostly from the cities. The gayety of a World's Fair, the holiday spirit of a World's Series, the society atmosphere of a racing season at Saratoga—all appear in the record in the form of increased letters, postcards or money orders containing carfare home both for unwise wayfarers and the "wise boys."

Records Reflect National Trend

Had economists observed variations in postal savings deposits and money order totals more closely, they might have obtained helpful information for their study of economic and psychological trends before and since the crash. "Scared money" sought both these refuges for greater safety in deposit and transit. Whereas postal savings totaled only $154,000,000 in January of 1929, they had jumped to $733,000,000 by April of 1932. The people were just beginning to run, though, for by January of 1933—two months before the bank holiday—the total had leaped to $942,000,000, and in March of this year it amounted to $1,197,000,000. Here again the records reflect the national trend and psychosis. The withdrawals are now greater than the deposits, indicating clearly that people are again willing to buy goods, and to place their funds in banks and investments.

Although the dead-letter office sees a marked improvement in the addressing of letters and packages, there stands in the Treasury a $14,000,000 credit as a monument to poor memories. It got there by way of the money-order system, which was established in 1864 solely as a means of forwarding Union soldiers' pay to their homes in safety. It consists of $14,000,000 worth of credit to people who purchased money orders and then failed or forgot to cash them. Although the fund increases by $500,000 annually, nobody knows exactly why. Despite many investigations, the only explanation is a tragic conjecture. The best answer is that the sum represents the sad, slow accumulation of money orders lost or destroyed in ship sinkings, train wrecks, and similar misfortunes.

The dead-letter office is deader than ever now, but it still nets about $75,000 yearly from the sale of such stray miscellany as alligators, coffin plates, false teeth, women's hose, worn baseballs, chicken wire, jig-saw puzzles and shot guns. There is one bright and hopeful spot in this post office survey of a people's movements and morals and money. The volume of obscene postcards and literature "straight from the streets of Paris" grows less year by year. That may afford some consolation to the congressmen now engaged in breaking all known records for profanity over these strange doings at the White House and the Post Office Department.

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Cooked Spaghetti

Jail Breaker

Continued from page 24

"I thought something was up."

"Something?" Healy laughed. "Dear Miss Wicklow is going to get blown sky-high."

"She what?"

"Now listen, Jonesy. It's not my doing. I'd keep her out of it if I could. But Carey has the soul of a rat. As far as he's concerned she's in, so what can I do? I'm not going to let that mug outplay me."

"Explain."

"You may not like it. But here goes. In the first place, Miss Wicklow's name is Dorothy Steel. Wicklow is an alias."

Jones started.

"Are you sure?"

"HOLD on. Let me talk, and when I get a good start don't say 'keep her name out of this' or 'you beast' or any of those things men are supposed to say. In short, Miss Wicklow was Johnny Berkan's confidential secretary in Washington. Berkan was a big lobbyist and, by the way, a bosom friend of J. G.'s. That's how the little lady got her present job. Well, Johnny was getting a roll for fighting a national shipping bill, which was a nice one. But they caught up with him; he was indicted for bribery and took himself off like an old Roman. In other words, he did the Dutch act. What a lovely scandal! He left his dough to little Dorothy Steel, but she wouldn't take it, I don't know why, and Berkan's wife finally broke the will. Get it?"

Jones' face was white.

"You don't mean . . . ?"

"I don't mean maybe. They do say that Berkan was getting a divorce from his wife at the time and that he was going to marry Dot Steel. But we'll ignore that." Healy grinned. "Nice set-up, eh?"

Jones stared, trying to adjust himself to this revelation.

"As you know, Carey and I've been taking little Dorothy around. She nearly fainted when she found out I knew who she was. It was pretty noisy in Washington over that business for a month or so. But she thought it had blown over. Well, she knows the inside of the Statistical Bureau; in fact, she is the Bureau. J. G. just makes motions; she does the work. All right. We wanted the low-down. But would she talk? No; not a line. So you see what we're up against."

"Sort of blackmailing her, weren't you?"

"Don't be nasty. We gave her a chance to talk, but she wouldn't take it." Healy shifted and stared steadily. "Now I'm giving you a chance."

"Not me."

"Won't help a pal?"

"I can't."

"You could."

"I won't."

"Won't even help the girl friend?"

Jones said nothing. Healy poured himself a drink and meditated. After a while he spoke:

"Personally, I'm against dragging up that old story about Berkan. But what else have we got? If we could get some real honest-to-John facts, we could sidetrack that. But the little girl forced our hand; and you're not helping any."

"You mean you're going to drag up all that stuff about Miss Wicklow?"

"Now, now. Listen, Jones, how lovely it sounds. Berkan was indicted for bribery and shot himself. Miss Wicklow was his girl friend. Don't look at me like that. He left her his dough, didn't he? He was married, wasn't he? All right. There's a big scandal. A few years later Miss Wicklow turns up as confidential secretary to J. G. I happen to know that she gets sixty a week, which is big money in the state service. Berkan was fighting a shipping bill. The tie-up is perfect, perfect."

"You can't do that, Healy."

"As I said, if it wasn't for Carey, I wouldn't. But if he does, I can't help myself. See? Of course if we could get some real stuff to use . . ." He looked hopefully at Jones.

"Who else is in on this?"

"Just my old bosom pal, Carey, and myself."

"I'll stop you, some way."

Healy laughed unpleasantly and turned away.

"Here's the kick. I've been working on this thing for two months. That Mannion business gave me a good lead into the department through you. All right. What happens? I get no information at all, but I make you. I get a good client for my pal, Sid Low, and incidentally I make myself some much-needed coin. Didn't somebody once say something about the irony of fate?"

Jones was very pale.

"Healy, you're too damned flippant to suit me. I'm not much of a fighter, but if you and Carey print that stuff, I'll . . . But first I'll go and see your editors about it."

Healy roared.

"Go ahead. You'll tell them something they don't know yet. They'll just break the story ahead of schedule, that's all."

"But isn't there any way to stop it?"

"Yes. Either you or your girl friend must talk. I'm very sorry, Jones. I don't like this much. But that's the set-up."

"How much time have we got?"

"About forty-eight hours."

Jones got up hastily and put on his coat and hat.

"I may talk."

"Okay, pal," cried Healy, grinning. "I thought you had some sense."

Jones turned and went out.

DOROTHY looked surprised and a little irritated when she let Jones in. She put his hat and overcoat in a closet, then led him into her living-room, which was dimly lit and cozy. She had been reading and Jones saw a book lying face down on an ottoman. He picked it up and glanced at the title: Rudin.

"Reading Turgenev, I see."

"Yes."

"*Like him?*"

"Very much. But not this book. Did you want to see me about something, Arthur?"

She seemed very distant. Jones sat down and meditated. Then he leaned forward.

"Dorothy, I've been talking to Healy."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Yes?"

Jones cleared his throat and then took the plunge.

"He told me everything."

She started and half rose, but sank back. Her face was white.

"He told you about me?"

"Yes. I knew there was something wrong. I was pretty sure you weren't going around with Carey and Healy because you liked them. I saw that day at the Blue Goose that you detested Healy. Well, what are we going to do?"

"Do? What is there to do?"

Jones hesitated for a long time, growing very red in the face, then he blurted out:

"Dorothy, will you marry me?"

She said nothing. She sat looking at the tips of her shoes. Jones went on hurriedly:

"I'm not like I used to be, you know. I remember what you said about futile men. Well, I'm beginning to think I'm not futile any more. You were right. I used to be. I was pretty much licked. Now things are different."

There was a long silence. She sat staring at the floor. Jones heard a clock ticking in the stillness; he was afraid that he had been too abrupt. He could see that Dorothy was very much perturbed.

"You don't mind?" she demanded finally.

"Mind what?"

She smiled.

"Well, if I heard right, you asked me to marry you. That Washington business was pretty awful. 'Berkan's secretary other woman, wife avers.' Headlines. That sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't believe everything I hear."

She hesitated.

"Suppose it was true?"

JONES fumbled nervously with his tie and avoided her eyes.

"I don't think it is. But, to tell you the truth, I don't care much. That was a long time ago."

She sank back, relaxing.

"Well," she said slowly, "it's true. In a way."

"True?"

"I was going to marry Jack Berkan."

"But he was already married!"

"He hadn't lived with his wife for five years. He was getting ready to divorce her."

"I see."

She smiled ironically.

"Your face has fallen considerably, Arthur. You always struck me as being very conventional."

"Did I? Well, I'm not. I was thinking. Would you mind marrying me tomorrow?"

She shook her head and laughed softly.

"You're the strangest man I ever saw. I thought I knew something about men, but you just don't fit in."

"Do you want me to fit in?"

"Of course not."

Jones got up and went over to her chair.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

"Are you? With or without my say-so?"

"Either way."

"You're improving."

They kissed, then she pushed him gently away. He sat down on the ottoman in front of her, looking at her.

"Don't stare so. I'm just a plain, ordinary woman."

"Oh, no you're not. Dorothy, it looks as if I'm going to make a lot of money. I signed two contracts today. How would you like to go to California?"

"Fine. But just a minute. What about the office? What about J. G.?"

"I'm going to talk. I'm going to give Healy something to print. What do I care about J. G.?"

"You can't do that. I've been putting Healy off for three weeks."

"Well, you let me handle this. I'm not going to let them print that story about you."

"If we could only stop them. I've been half crazy."

"Is that why you stayed away from me, would hardly talk to me?"

"Of course. All I've been doing is thinking. I've been racking my brains. But there's no way out."

Jones stared.

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"Why do you say that? All they want is something they can use in the election campaign. I can give them plenty. Little things, of course, but they wouldn't look good in print."

"My, but you're simple. How do you know they'd keep their word? They'd just pump you for all you were worth and then they'd print what they pleased."

"I never thought of that. Do you really think they would?"

"It has been done. I thought of that long ago. As a matter of fact, I don't think there's any way to stop them."

Jones was ashamed of himself for being so gullible, and sat staring at the floor. She said:

"As far as I'm concerned, I could stand it. But my people would die. It almost killed them the last time. They haven't forgiven me yet. You see, my father's a preacher."

"I see."

"They live in a little town about sixty miles from here. The last time it was spread all over the local paper. Father resigned, but his congregation wouldn't let him go. But if it happened again—" She burst out suddenly, her voice harsh. "If I was a man I'd shoot Healy."

Jones flushed and stared at the carpet.

"Would that help?"

She sank back.

"No. Probably not." There was a long silence. Glancing up, Jones noticed that her face was pale, her eyes bright. "If we could only do something."

AS THE minutes passed Jones' spirits sank lower and lower. For years he had wanted to marry Miss Wicklow; she had always been his idea of a wonderful woman. But at the first opportunity he had failed her. He was futile; no doubt about it. He had always been, probably always would be. He swore briefly to himself and got up.

"I've got to stop it," he said. "There must be some way."

She did not look up. The tone of his voice did not inspire confidence. After a long silence she spoke bitterly:

"No. Nothing can be done. Nothing ever can."

"I don't agree."

She looked up at him and he did not like the expression in her eyes.

"One day you said something about my attitude toward men," she said slowly. "Well, every man I've ever known has been helpless when anything happened. Jack even committed suicide and left me to face things." Jones looked so dejected that she added: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean you, Arthur. I know you're trying to . . ." She did not finish her sentence, but sank back and began to cry. "I've tried to keep a stiff upper lip, but this is too much. It will kill my father."

"We can go away tomorrow if you like," said Jones without much conviction.

"No use to run away."

"Are you sure you want to marry me?"

There was a long pause, then she said:

"I don't know. I think you're very nice. I admire you. But I don't know."

JONES sat down and mechanically lit a cigarette. He heard the clock ticking again. The room was deathly still. He thought about the past. Would he have been better off if he had never heard of Mannion, never written that blasted story about him, never got farther than a speaking acquaintance with Dorothy? He couldn't have been any more miserable. His ambitions were being realized one by one, but something always came up to nullify the joy he should have felt. He wondered if it would always be that way.

In the stillness they heard a voice shouting in the street below.

"What's that?" cried Dorothy, starting.

"Extra, I think," Jones replied indifferently.

"Do you suppose . . . No; they wouldn't get out an extra just for that."

Seeing that she was interested, Jones went to the window and opened it. The cold November night air rushed in, making him shiver. He listened. The voice came nearer and nearer:

"Bugs Martin pardoned by governor. Extra! Extra!"

Jones closed the window. Something was stirring in his mind. He came back and sat down on the ottoman.

"What was it?"

He told her.

"Oh!" She seemed slightly relieved. She had stopped crying some time ago and her face had resumed its habitual expression. Jones thought she looked very lovely but was afraid to say so.

Suddenly he jumped up.

"I've got it! I've got it!"

She looked at him in astonishment.

"You what?"

He sat down.

"Dorothy, I've got an idea. You know who Bugs Martin is, don't you?"

"I think so. He's a local gangster, isn't he? Didn't he used to be mixed up with Mannion?"

"He killed Mannion's best friend, then when things got hot around here he turned State's evidence on a bank robbery charge and implicated Mannion."

"Oh." She looked at him blankly.

"Wait," he cried, jumping up, "I'll get a paper."

When he came back he was out of breath but smiling.

"Just what I thought. Listen: 'Martin is to be released at once. Great secrecy is to be observed in regard to time and place of his release, as Mannion has boasted that he will kill him.'" Jones threw the paper on the floor.

"But I don't see . . . ?"

"Look at me." Jones frowned. "Whom do I look like?"

"Mannion, of course."

"You see?"

"But I don't see, Arthur. Are you losing your mind?"

"Far from it. The police will be watching for Mannion. Everybody will be talking about it, wondering if he'll get Martin. This is the point: *All the newspaper-men will have their ears to the ground.*"

"Well?"

"I'm Mannion. I'm a friend of Jones, the writer. Reason for friendship not stated. I'm in town to get Martin. I'm hiding out with Jones."

"Arthur, what on earth!" She began to look at him with some concern. Writers were such a strange lot!

"Wait a minute. This is not as silly as it sounds. The district attorney was smart enough to suspect that there was some connection between Mannion and me. The newspaper-men are certainly as smart and suspicious as Mr. Nichols. All right. I invite Carey and Healy up to my room. They'll think I'm going to talk about the office. I've half promised to. When they get there I'll be Mannion."

SHE stared, then laughed. Jones was delighted to see that her eyes were shining and that there was color in her face.

"This is too silly."

"It's not silly. People are simply scared stiff of Mannion. Why, the first time I was arrested . . ."

Miss Wicklow burst out laughing. Jones stared.

"If you could have heard yourself," she said. "'The first time I was arrested!' You begin to sound like Mannion."

"Well, people are scared of him. Two policemen, as big as heavyweight wrestlers, almost jumped out of their skins at the sight of me. You should have seen their faces. That tough guy, Spot, I told you about, actually fainted. All right. I invite Healy and Carey over and scare the daylights out of them. I say that my friend Jones has been good to me. I owe him something. If they print that election story I'll . . . I'll blow their guts out."

Dorothy started violently. She looked at Jones for a long time, then she said:

"That was very convincing."

Jones slapped his hands together.

"I'm not so helpless as you think."

She got up suddenly and put her arms around him.

"I'm sorry I said anything to hurt your feelings, Arthur," she said after he had kissed her. "We'll get married if you like. I know you're doing your best. Oh, it would be wonderful if you could stop them."

"I've got a good chance, don't you think?"

"Well, I've got a tiny little bit of hope now. But it seems so fantastic. Will they believe you?"

"I've got to make them."

(To be concluded next week)

"Howya, Admiral?"

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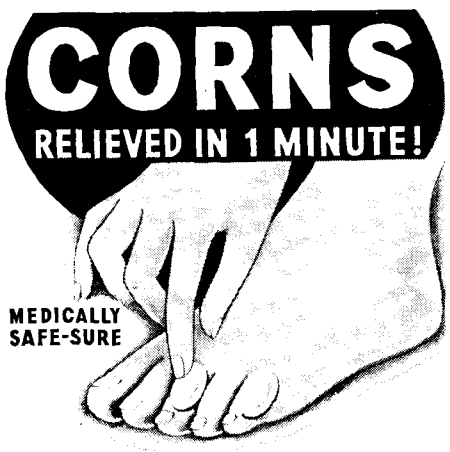

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Your Face Value

Continued from page 15

every turn. Mine is a good, old-fashioned soap-and-water complexion. First I steam my face with a rough cloth dipped in very hot water, then scrub it furiously with soap and water, rinse in hot and then in cold water, and finally rub gently with a piece of ice.

"Sometimes, not to overdo the scrubbing, I merely remove the old make-up, before dressing for dinner, with pieces of cotton soaked in a cleansing liquid, largely alcohol, followed by a cleansing cream wiped off with tissues."

As for make-up, that's a thing there can easily be too much of, all well-groomed women agree. They proceed on the theory that the idea is rather to counteract an unbecoming pallor than to reproduce the milkmaid's flamboyant coloring. Miss Swarthout, a brunette, uses a mere finger-tip of a paste rouge, cherry red, rubbed in till it's almost invisible, then a film of powder the color of her skin—basque, a dark powder with a rose tinge—and most of that brushed off with a camel's-hair brush. If she finds herself looking the least bit powdery, she begins all over again. Then she rubs a mere nothing of eye-shadow in the upper lids—a deep maroon. Invisible though it is, it has its effect.

The lips are the one spot where the chic lady really lets herself go. No lipstick has ever been made too red. Here there are many schools: the one which holds that the lipstick should match the rouge, which should be the natural color which shows in the cheeks when they are pinched; the school which maintains that the lipstick should be changed according to the time of day, the season of the year, and whether one is in town or country. Another theory to which Miss Swarthout and many other smart women subscribe is less widely known but, judging by its results, worthy of imitation.

"When it comes to lipsticks I'm positively frivolous," she says. "I vary the shades to harmonize with the colors of my clothes. I saw Mrs. Alan Ryan recently when she had actually *matched* her purse, her nails and her lips—all three a deep, dark cherry red, very effective."

Fingers Dripping with Gore

As to mascara and kohl—well, if you can exert the necessary control, no beads, no shoe buttons at the ends, just barely touching the tips and then pulling them apart (with a blunt hairpin) so they don't have that awful caked look—well, maybe you can get away with mascara. Maybe . . . But kohl should certainly be reserved for those who are definitely types—the exotic, the Oriental, the houri types—and even then preferably those who have known from childhood how to handle it, such chic and assured Orientals, for example, as Mme. Eloui Bey, who mixes her kohl with brains.

When it comes to plucked eyebrows, here again we must announce ourselves on the conservative side. Plucking imparts a mask-like unreality to the face, and it's our contention that a face should look as much like a face as possible. The eye needs a background—a sort of stage setting against which to perform. A strong eyebrow gives the eye size and importance, but when practically removed produces a blank stare. The "delicately penciled" line is only for the finely chiseled, classic face—and even then it should be more than one hair wide. Miss Swarthout's brows are thick and dark and she makes no attempt to change their wayward course, merely plucking out the few straggling hairs that would make them untidy—which is the procedure of most well-groomed women.

And now we come to the question of fingers dripping with gore, those deep-dyed, bloody nail varnishes that have flooded the country. They are not, we maintain firmly, in spite of all the "delicately penciled" brows that rise in our direction, for the majority of people nor the average hand. That sort of nonsense should be reserved for the most exotic hand, long, tapering and useless. It is not for the average good, capable hand, more suited to grasping a golf club than to waving a fan. For Miss Swarthout, who has a short hand with rounded fingers (like so many of us), a modest varnish is indicated, and very wisely she uses an almost natural liquid polish. On the other hand, a type like Mme. Bori of the Metropolitan Opera, an Italian and decidely unusual, with beautiful hands, can wear the most extraordinary varnishes.

The secret of well-groomed hair is frequent washing and unremitting brushing. Most hair needs a lot more washing than it gets, nothing being so fatal to perfect grooming as oily, dusty or straggling hair. Hair, you'll find, is very laundryable. I know a number of smart women who wash theirs every day, and few who do it less than once a week. There seems to be no overdoing it—except in abnormal conditions.

Miss Swarthout has a weekly shampoo with special tonics, soaps, herbs and hand-drying. If she can't get around to that, she gives it a dry shampoo herself, with a liquid which is simply poured over the hair—no soap—which dries almost before you can reach for a towel, and doesn't take the curl out. Pure magic! Once a week she has a water wave. The marcel, of course, is completely démodé.

As for dyes, bleaches, henna rinses and all that sort of thing, well, the less of that the better. Besides, gray hair is very fashionable. Look at Geraldine Farrar—look at Mrs. Harrison Williams. Any color your hair happens to be is almost sure to be better than any color you could possibly acquire.

A flower is the final touch to perfect grooming, bestowing a lovely, touch-me-not air, we all, including the gentleman, agree.

A flower should be treated as part of the costume, not as an irrelevant aside. For example, with a brown evening gown, red slippers, a red chiffon handkerchief and a red camelia are exquisite. On a black evening gown, a dead white orchid or gardenia with a white chiffon handkerchief or an orchid of a certain rare chartreuse variety is far smarter than the usual orchidy orchids.

For the Gentleman's Sake

Miss Swarthout having disposed of the matter of flowers, the gentleman suggests, "Don't you think you might just mention that it's no longer the thing to powder the neck and arms in the evening? Some women don't seem to know it yet—and you know how messy it always gets me."

"But this isn't a crusade for men, my angel—it's an article on grooming. Still I suppose it *is* a question of grooming and—all right, let's say it really isn't done any more. It's all a matter of looking well-scrubbed rather than powdery—a result of the sun-tan craze, which still continues. That's just one more thing that has to be done for the well-groomed body before you dress it—half an hour or more under the sun-lamp. There's only one thing we women have to be thankful for—that we don't have to shave every day."

"I like that—" begins the gentleman.

"That will do," says the lady sternly. "We won't go into the question of how your razor gets so unaccountably dull. Let's end on a cheerful note. I suggest a glass of sherry."

"He just saw his new name in Collier's, up on page 22 of this issue, and he's so happy he's jumpin' up and down!"

FRANK OWEN

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If you can have the Moon—

Continued from page 11

"So, Jerry—you did come, after all."

"Yes," he answered, flushing a little. "For coffee." He made the introductions hurriedly.

Her smile was slow and studied.

Pat looked at her, taking in the startling, demanding beauty of the woman. The gleaming metal-cloth of her dress clung tightly to her, and her neck and shoulders, golden-tan like her face, rose softly from its shining hardness. Above it her hair shone palely gold. She had, Pat thought, that studied, metallic beauty that left you cold. But Jerry was watching her, fascinated.

"Come along, you two," she was saying. "We're going on from here."

"You're not, Marcia," someone else broke in. "This is all the party there's going to be tonight."

She shrugged. "What about it, Jerry?" she asked. "Do we go on from here?"

He shook his head quickly, glancing at Pat. "I'm sorry, Marcia. We're on our way home."

Her eyebrows went up. "Some other time, then, Jerry," she said. She nodded carelessly at Pat, and let her smile linger on him.

Jerry sat down, hot and uncomfortable. He was grateful to Pat for eating her hamburger so unconcernedly.

But in a moment she spoke. "What did you come here for, Jerry—coffee or the lady?"

"Coffee—I thought."

She smiled at him.

He wanted suddenly to tell her all about it, but he caught himself up. "She's married," he said dully.

They finished in silence. The other woman's coming had intruded a jarring note. It left them strange, depressed, not quite at ease. "It's getting late, Jerry," Pat said suddenly.

At her door they stood together stiffly. "It's been great, meeting you, Pat." Jerry said. "We'll get together again."

She was equally vague. "Yes. And thanks for the lift home."

He still lingered. The evening was somehow ending on the wrong note. "Sorry I kept you so late," he added.

"It doesn't matter. Tomorrow's Sunday—I can sleep."

The word caught at him sharply. Sunday. His mind jumped ahead. The long Sunday—nothing to do—the pulling thought of Marcia—

"Sunday—that's right," he said quickly. "Couldn't we get together, then?"

She looked her surprise. "I'm playing golf."

"Could I butt in?" he persisted.

The sudden urgency puzzled her, but she couldn't help a feeling of pleasure. "If you want—there's a crowd playing."

"Thanks," he answered warmly. "I'll pick you up here."

THE next day was only the beginning. For Pat, the weeks that followed were deeply satisfying. She saw a lot of Jerry. He sought her out constantly, took her everywhere. And with every meeting her heart knew a little more surely. For her, this was the answer.

For Jerry they were hard weeks. He kept running into Marcia—at the Ardmore Club, at the Tavern, wherever crowds gathered. And each time, subtly but definitely, she singled him out. She was lovelier, more seductive, more unbelievable every time he saw her.

But there was safety with Pat. When he was with her, he could possess himself, be calm and sane. Her sure friendliness was always there, but it was so detached, so impersonal that it was like the washing of cool rain over him. He took it gratefully, came gradually to depend on it.

He was to meet her that Saturday at the Club. He stood at one of the wide windows, looking out over the rolling green of the course while he waited. He turned suddenly at the sound of a voice behind him:

"Here we are again, Jerry. Who's chasing who?"

He flushed in spite of himself. "Hello, Marcia."

"How about going 'round with me?" she asked.

"I'm sorry—I have a date."

She frowned. "My luck's run out, hasn't it, Jerry?" She looked at him quizzically. 'Or are you avoiding me?"

"More or less," he answered gravely.

She laughed, and came a little closer to him. "Why, Jerry?"

"Why not?"

She put her hand out suddenly, and let it rest on his arm. "You're priceless, Jerry. I like you."

HE STOOD there quietly, waiting for the next move. It came at once.

"Jerry—do something for me."

He braced himself. "If I can."

"You can." She looked at him steadily, her eyes warm on his. "Take me to the Club dance next week." She gave him no chance to answer. "Don't say no. I want to go, and my husband won't be home in time."

Jerry felt a curious weakness go through him. He knew what it would mean—a whole evening, dancing with her, holding her in his arms— But he closed his mind stubbornly.

"I'm going with someone, Marcia."

Quick annoyance leaped in her eyes. "Pat Hawthorne, I suppose," she snapped. She dropped her hand from his arm, and at that moment Pat came across the lounge. Marcia returned her bow curtly.

"You're just too late," she said, "to hear Jerry turn me down."

"Really?" Pat answered, guardedly.

"Let it go, Marcia," Jerry broke in gruffly.

But Marcia had seen the girl's involuntary glance of surprise. "He says he's going with you to the dance next week. Or haven't you asked him yet?"

Pat hesitated. "Yes," she answered quietly, "I've asked him. Does it matter?"

Marcia was still smiling, as though to herself. "Not at all," she answered lightly. She began to move away. "Be sure to dance with me, Jerry."

He turned to Pat, his face miserable. "I wouldn't have let you in for that, Pat. But she asked me suddenly—"

"It's all right," she interrupted him. "I was going to ask you today anyway."

"You don't have to do that."

"But can't I," she asked quietly, "if I want to?" . . .

He waited, the night of the dance, in Pat's living-room, smoking quietly. A low fire burned on the hearth, casting long, wavering shadows. Lamplight fell mellowly on the room—on the filled bookshelves, the fine pictures, the old, good furniture that looked used to gracious living. He felt at home here.

He was startled, despite himself, when Pat came in. He had never seen her look so lovely. Her dress was a slim sheath of green and silver. Her hair was smoothed close to her head in soft, flat swirls that were sophistication itself. Her eyes were almost green tonight—still the color of the sea.

(Continued on page 48)

PET HATE (NO. 6)

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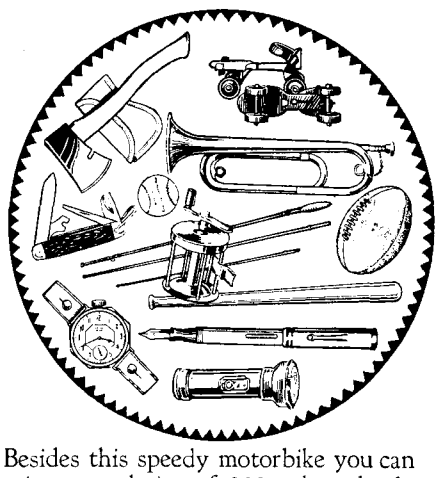

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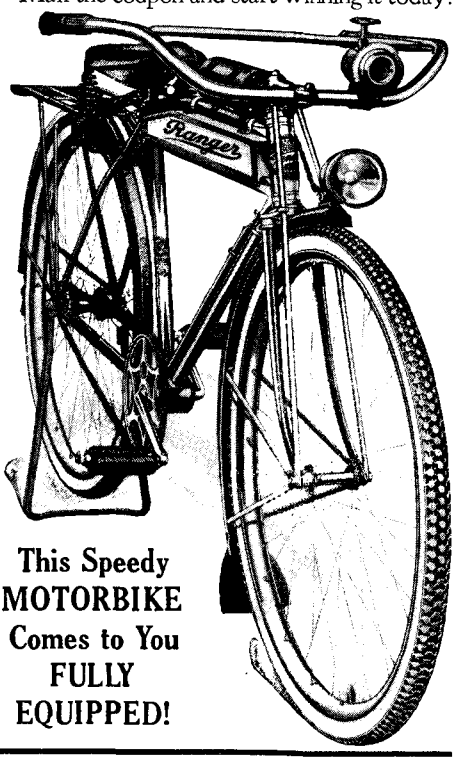

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(Continued from page 47)

Jerry held her wrap for her. "You're a knockout tonight, Pat," he said earnestly.

She laughed up at him, an eager light in her eyes. "That's what I'm trying for," she answered.

At the Club they joined their own crowd. Jerry looked around swiftly. There was no sign of Marcia. He could forget her now, and enjoy himself. They began to dance.

But toward midnight there was a small disturbance at the door. A crowd surged in, and Jerry sensed at once it was Marcia's crowd. He saw her, then, a minute later.

Several times she danced by close to him, and smiled at him quietly. After that, when they passed, there was a question in the smile. He grew more and more uncomfortable. Finally he spoke to Pat.

"I'll have to dance with Marcia," he said. "Will you take on the partner, for one d. nce?"

She had seen the progress in Marcia's smiles. She understood perfectly. "You should, Jerry," she answered quickly. "Go over now." She felt she could afford to be generous tonight.

Jerry looked at Marcia as she stood up to dance. Black tulle made her blondness dazzling, floated like a kind of aura that, pretending to conceal, contrived to reveal the slim, rounded lines of her figure. He looked at the golden smoothness of her arms and shoulders, at the full lips, at the warmly smiling eyes. He took her in his arms.

Jerry felt her slim softness in his arms, her hair brushing his cheek. There was the headiness of perfume, the insistent rhythm of the music, the warm pressure of her hand. He tried to think of something else.

But Marcia had stopped dancing. They were near a door that opened from the ballroom into one of numerous small sitting-rooms. "Come in here, Jerry," she said, taking his arm. "I want to talk to you."

He looked down at her quietly. He felt sure of himself now. There was a new feeling of confidence. "Just as you like," he said, following her.

SHE went to one of the small sofas and sat down, leaning back lazily. He glanced around the room curiously. It adjoined the cloakroom, and the check-girl stood in the doorway, watching the dancers beyond. Marcia pulled him down to the seat beside her, keeping her eyes on him steadily.

There was a moment's silence. "How long is seven years, Jerry?" she asked softly.

"Long enough," he answered slowly, "to forget a lot."

"Long enough to remember, too."

"No." He was silent a moment. "I'm through remembering. That's over."

She frowned. This wasn't quite as she'd planned. "I don't believe you, Jerry."

He shrugged. "As you like, of course."

She reached out and put her hand on his arm. It lay there, small and warm and golden, against the blackness of his sleeve.

"You aren't fooling me, Jerry. You're as much in love with me as you ever were." She pressed his arm. "Please look at me. Aren't you?"

He turned, then, and let his eyes meet hers. "It's beside the point, Marcia. I'm not doing anything about it, am I?"

"But you'd like to," she said quickly, a question in her voice.

"I don't know. I would have, seven years ago. But you let me down then."

"I wouldn't now," she put in quickly.

He looked at her coolly. "Maybe not. But you'd let someone else down."

She was getting annoyed. This wasn't progress. She went back to her original attack. "Say what you like—I know, Jerry. You're still in love with me."

"And that's still beside the point. No"—there was the slightest note of triumph in his voice—"I've got this thing licked, Marcia. I'm all right as long as I keep away from you. And"—he paused for emphasis—"I'm keeping away."

She was angry now. "Yes," she put in, contempt edging her voice, "I see you are. With the help of Miss Hawthorne."

"Leave her out of it," he said quietly.

"But it's true. You couldn't do it alone. You had to get yourself—a bodyguard."

He began a protest, but she swept on. "Someone to hide behind—to protect you—from me." Her voice had risen slightly.

He saw it wouldn't be any use. "All right," he said quietly. "If that's the way it strikes you—a bodyguard. Let it go at that." He looked at her calmly. "Shall we finish this?"

She met his glance with a dry smile. "It seems to be finished, Jerry," she said.

AFTER he had taken her back to her crowd, he looked around for Pat. Almost at once he caught sight of her. She was coming, alone, from the room where he and Marcia had been sitting. She had on her wrap, and she was hurrying. He knew at once what had happened.

By the time he had crossed the hall and reached the porch, she was standing on the lowest step, waiting. A taxi was coming around the circle of the driveway. He ran down the steps to her.

"Pat, listen—" he began.

But she wouldn't look at him. "I've listened to enough, Jerry, tonight."

He couldn't see her eyes, but he saw the brilliant color flooding her cheeks. "You must listen, Pat." His voice was urgent. "You didn't hear it all—"

She broke in. "I heard it all. I was in the cloakroom. I had to escape the partner."

The taxi drew up, and the driver opened the door. Jerry caught her arm and turned her toward him.

"Wait a minute," he said quietly. "Let me get this straight. Just what did you hear?"

She shook off his hand and faced him, her eyes angry. "Very well, if you want it. That you've been using me—for a bodyguard. That you love her, and you've been using me—as a protection—"

"She said that. If you'll let—"

"Oh, it's true!" she cried, and now her voice was a little out of control. "It's quite true. I can't think why I haven't seen it. You've been using me for that all the time, and I was fool enough to think—"

"Pat, I swear—" She stepped deliberately into the cab. He put his hand on the door, holding it open, and looked at her steadily. "Don't go like this, Pat. It'll spoil everything. If you go now—"

"If I go now—you can go back to her!" she broke in. Bitterness made her voice snap. "I'm going, Jerry. Find yourself another buffer!"

He stepped back from the cab at once. The door slammed, and the cab moved off. He stood there a minute watching it, then turned and walked slowly into the clubhouse.

He went directly to Marcia. "Do you want to dance?" he asked gruffly, without preface.

She looked up in surprise. "Where's the bodyguard?"

"Miss Hawthorne's gone."

"*Gone?* Why—oh, it must have been Tom. He was getting pretty tight—"

"Do you want to dance?" he asked again.

She stood up. "Of course, Jerry." She went into his arms, closer this time. "We can have the rest of the evening together," she said, with a small sigh.

They were almost the last to leave. Once in Jerry's car, they rode in silence. The night had turned cold, and they seemed very much alone.

When they drew up before Marcia's house, she sat there without moving. The car was warm now. Jerry could feel her shoulder against his. She was sitting too close. He kept his eyes straight ahead, waiting for her to get out.

Suddenly she touched his hand where it lay on the steering wheel. She leaned closer, and the subtlety of perfume stung his nostrils faintly. "Jerry," she said, and her voice had all the softness and warmth he'd ever dreamed of, "Jerry—"

He turned his hand and let it clasp hers.

Then, "Why don't you kiss me, Jerry?"

He turned suddenly, almost savagely. Yes, why didn't he? He pulled her close to him, and bent his head. He felt her lips, soft, warm, under his.

When she stirred a little he drew back, breathing unevenly. She smoothed her hair.

"It's late," she said, almost in a whisper. "I'm going in."

He took her arm as they went up the steps. At the door she handed him the key, and waited while he fitted it into the lock. Then he stood aside for her to go in.

With one hand on the knob, she turned. "Come in, Jerry," she said softly.

He shook his head. "It's too late, Marcia—it wouldn't be worth while."

The lids drooped a little over her eyes. The answer came slowly. "Wouldn't it—Jerry?" she asked.

He stood there a moment, trying to take in the full meaning. His mind kept rejecting it, as though he couldn't have heard it. But she was still looking at him, and it was all there in her eyes.

He realized suddenly that he felt nothing at all, except a sense of relief. This didn't mean anything to him. It didn't matter. He looked down at her quietly, and knew it wasn't even going to be a struggle. His voice, when he spoke, didn't seem to belong to him.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot. It's too late, Marcia."

Without waiting for an answer, seeing only the sudden fury leap in her eyes, he turned and went down the steps. Weights fell away from him.

THE next night he sat with Pat before the fire in her living-room. He hadn't asked to come. He had simply come. He had finished telling her about it, and he sat silent, leaning forward with his arms on his knees, staring into the fire. Pat sat back and watched him, glad he couldn't see her eyes.

"So there it is," he said, straightening up and turning to look at her. "It's so old it's funny. You only want the moon because it's out of reach."

She nodded. "Yes. If you can have it—" she broke off suddenly. "Will it always be that way with you, Jerry?"

"You're not the moon, Pat," he said gravely.

She knew what was coming, but she had to hear it. "What, then, if not the moon?"

A deep gentleness lay in back of his eyes. "Not the moon," he repeated slowly, "but just about everything else there is."

She smiled then, and the smile was content. "That ought to be enough, Jerry," she said.

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Poalo the Magnificent

Continued from page 22

steamer sent the searing ribbon of her searchlight over the angry ocean. It stumbled and wavered across the foaming water until presently it found them out, full in the blue shaft of its eye.

Steadily Poalo fought the seaboat head-on to the crashing seas, while the steamer came on to make a lee for them. Her hull towered black and menacing above them, one stoutly guyed boom out, a surf-chair swinging violently from the end of the fall. There was the face of an officer at her rail, a ghastly white smear in the light of a hurricane lamp. He shouted something through trumpeted hands.

"Now, Poalo!" Dominic cried at him through his twisted lips. "Now!" He leaned forward, screaming in the captain's ear. "A shove . . . and it is done! What are you waiting for?"

But the captain of cargadores seemed not to hear him. The surf-chair came down as if falling from an invisible heaven. Poalo put his weight on the steering oar. The seaboat came in, heaving upward quickly on the height of a roller.

"Now!" he shouted for the first time. "Into it! I cannot hold you here a year!"

Crowther leaped. The chair swayed violently as it took his sudden burden. He caught Arlena up and held her tightly. The captain of cargadores lifted his arm and waved toward the steamer's deck. The next instant the boat fell away in the trough. Crowther's arm shot out. In the single moment that he hung there between the sea and the sky, he pressed a leathern bag into Poalo's hand; and what it held jingled faintly. Then steam hissed. The chair shot upward; he had delivered them safely on board. There was a shout from the deck and a jangle of bells. Poalo looked up. He saw two faces, white and strained and very close together, looking down on his tossing boat.

"I told you before," he bellowed hoarsely, "I told you before that Poalo has no need for gold!" And he drew back his arm and hurled upward the leathern bag he held in his hand.

HE PUT his silver whistle to his lips. Its shrill sound knifed through the night. Dominic, hearing it, turned his dripping face from the already moving hull. His mouth was wide as he stared at the captain of cargadores. Dismay, anger, rebellion, were written on that pocked countenance. The whistle shrilled again.

"Haul!" Poalo commanded. "Haul or you drown!"

Then he said no more. The cargadores, dumfounded, set their backs to the oars without answer. The only response to his cry came from the deck of the vanishing steamer. The shrill cry of a woman it was that alone had the power to penetrate the uproar of wind and sea. She cried a name in that instant before she vanished from sight, and it was *not the name of Richard* Crowther.

"Poalo!" she screamed, with her golden hair streaming in the gale. "Poalo . . . !"

It came winging back, that cry, through the black wilderness of night, back from that secure place where dwelled the safe and sheltered love she now embraced. It came thin and faintly dominant through the abode of great and dangerous gales, pursuing the captain of cargadores feebly as his broad shoulders heaved on the steering sweep. Yet in all that bedlam of the pampero's wrath and the sea's rage, it lived alone, the final cry of his name, the lasting and enigmatic tribute to his gesture of romantic folly, the ultimate echo of his vision and his greatness.

But he remained silent in the face of it, massive and upright, a figure of stone in the storm. And the cargadores pulled in sullen bewilderment for the harbor quay once more.

DAWN found him, lonely on the headland. The gale was spent, but the sea was gray and old, still running in foaming fright. He looked toward the dim horizon, his eyes full of weary sorrow. His lips opened and he mumbled things; things meant for no ear but his own, and perhaps for the ear of the great ocean.

"Security she wanted. Security perhaps he can give her. I have never thought of such a thing for myself. Life for me has been like the sea, changeful, in constant flux, and always hard and bright with danger. So it seemed to me it ought to be. Dangerous and full of challenge. In these things alone lie dignity."

He raised his arm. It was a slow and arresting gesture, as if he addressed himself to that far and mysterious distance, to the restless and immortal sea, to the enticing horizon out of which all things come, and into which all things disappear.

"To me, Arlena, you were, for a moment, divine and immortal. But for him too. This much I understand now. Your flesh is no different than the flesh of any other woman. Neither for me, nor for him. A man's need and his high desire alone gives you the cloak of divinity. It is a strange secret for a man to learn, and a stranger jest!"

He heard a heavy tread behind him. Turning slowly, he faced Dominic.

"I have been looking for you, Poalo."

"Here I am."

"Poalo, last night a thing was done which I do not understand. In a matter of our captain's honor, his cargadores have never any need for pay. But you flung away at once both the vengeance and the gold, and . . ."

"I explain my curious honor to no man except myself. But for that a man must pay the price. You are right. . . . The sword of de Escobar I kept; for I know at last the full truth of its legend. To have always the dream —but never its capture. It is worth something, that. I cherish it. But here . . ."

"I know nothing of all this, Poalo. I know only that . . ."

"Take this!" He plucked the golden chain from about his throat, and the silver whistle that was the symbol of his mastery over men. "You may keep it if you are strong enough. Or you may sell it to the merchants of the Plaza who know its worth, for your pay and the pay of the men who went on the sea last night with Poalo, who was the captain of cargadores."

He tossed the thing to Dominic and turned away at once. His arm dropped to his side. The white dawn broke, limning him sharply against the stony bluff of the land, immense and black. And he stood there motionless, surveying the gray and wrinkled face of the sea in silence. His throat was bare now. He was warmed no longer by the subtle strength of that delicately wrought chain and the silver whistle of authority. The captain of cargadores shivered a little and drew his cape closer about him, for the mornings are cold in Santa Muritos.

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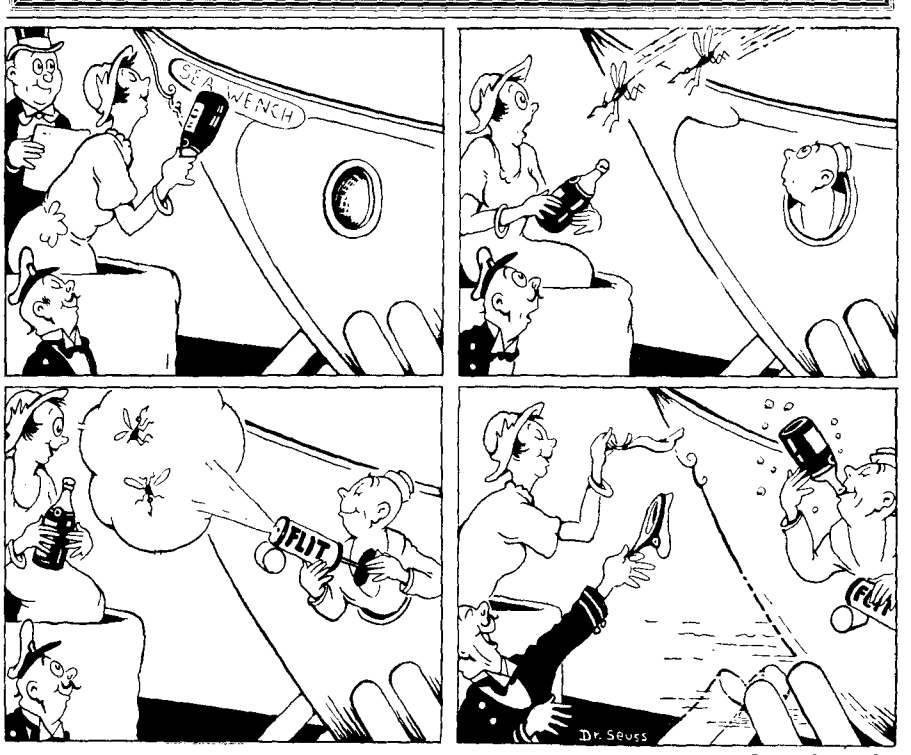

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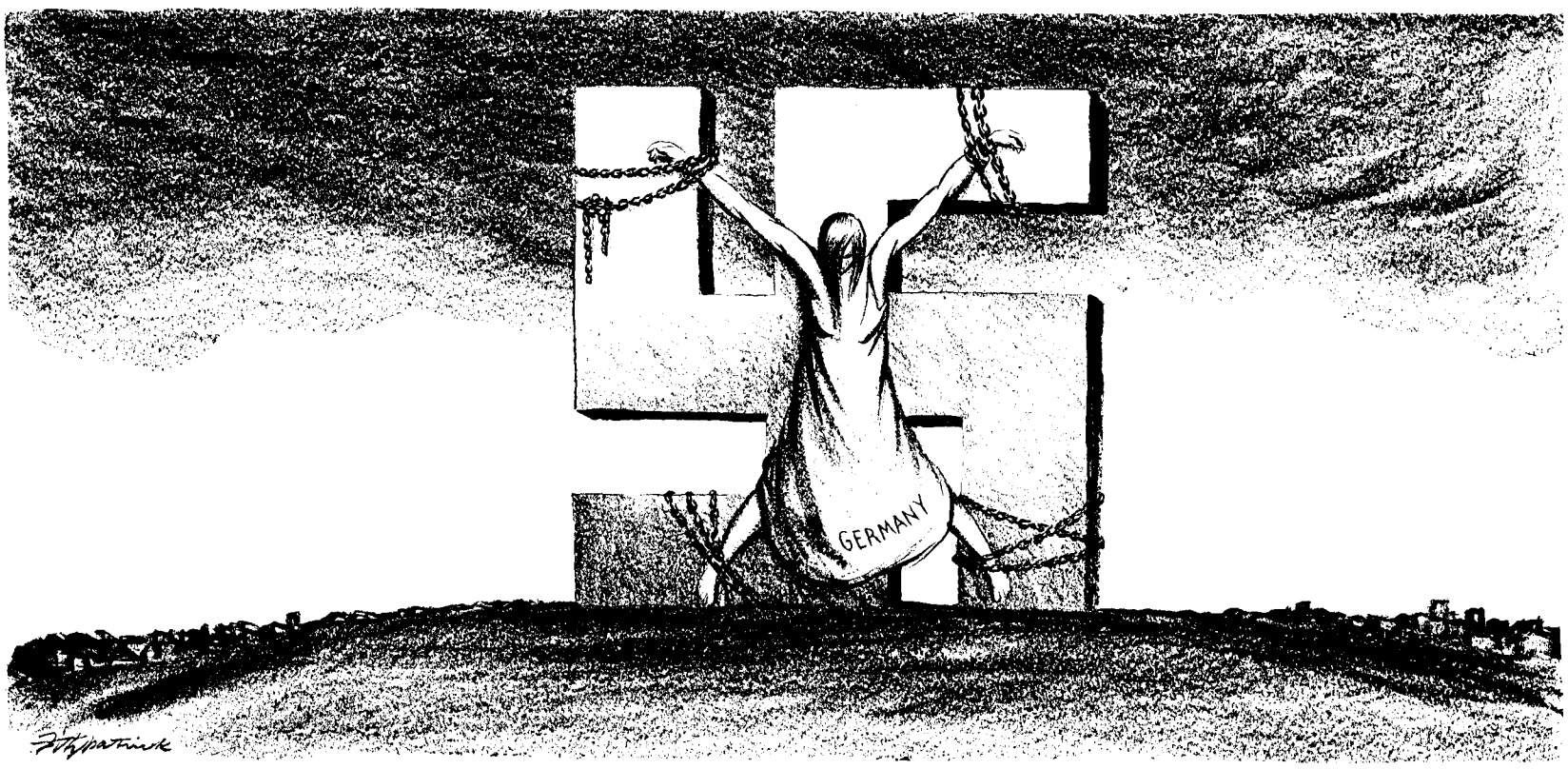

Hitler

HOWEVER deeply Adolf Hitler's eloquence may appeal to the emotions of his followers, the net result of his leadership is the moral isolation of Germany.

His bloody "cleansing" of the Nazi party startled and shocked the world, but if he had done nothing else his persecution of Jews would have been enough to condemn him in any court of civilized opinion. There is no dispute concerning the essential facts of the record. The violence and wrong actually inflicted on innocent men and women were precisely consistent with the policies advocated by Adolf Hitler and his Nazis.

During hundreds of years the Jewish population of Germany played an honorable rôle in the development of the country. Jews were leaders in art, literature, science, music, industry, commerce and finance. World-famed German composers were Jews. Philosophers whose thought and writing added to German fame were Jews. Some of the most original and useful scientific work done in Germany was the fruit of Jewish brains. Heine, the German poet most appreciated by modern readers, was a Jew. Although numerically a small minority, Jews added brilliantly to the civilized achievements of Germany.

Adolf Hitler and his followers waged a savage and unprovoked civil war on German Jews. Their policy was and is as stupid and unthinking as anything seen in four hundred years. Germany, at Hitler's bidding, deprived Jewish physicians of the opportunity to exercise their healing skill. Honorable jurists were driven from the bench because they were Jews. Scholars known throughout the world were driven from their universities because they were Jews.

Not since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew has any great nation indulged in such an orgy of frenzied hatred. Under the malign spell of Hitler's oratory Germany crippled essential public services in order to wreak vengeance on a minority against whom hatred had been preached and organized. The bare record of Hitler's Jewish policy is a dreadful chapter in the history of modern times.

Toward Germans not in agreement with his policies Hitler has been no less barbarous. He destroyed a free press and silenced free speech. He was and is the avowed enemy of liberty. Who lives in Germany must subscribe to Hitler's prejudices or cringe in concealment.

Germans today read only what Hitler's agents permit a servile press to publish. Hitler substituted propaganda for news. His strong-arm gangs are ever on the alert to destroy any who dare speak or write in opposition to the Nazi teachings.

Hitler had the incredible effrontery to try to debase the German church by making of it an agency for Nazi propaganda. His fanatics sought to eliminate the teachings of Jesus from the churches and to set up in their place the paltry Nazi program.

He invaded the universities and sought to destroy the scientists' right of disinterested inquiry. Scientific research, so far as Hitler and his associates could accomplish their purpose, was transformed into a tool of Nazi propaganda.

Dr. Hanfstaengl, whose article is published in this issue, pictures the suffering of post-war Germany which produced Hitler and his Nazis. No informed person doubts or denies that millions of innocent Germans went through perdition during the last years of the war and afterwards. No compassionate person could fail to sympathize with Germans in their hours of agony. Help of many sorts was in fact extended by the United States and by other countries.

It was Germany's misfortune and the world's misfortune that out of this period of poverty, hunger and defeat such a leader as Adolf Hitler emerged. Had a wiser and a more generous chieftain come to power, the wretched excesses of the last twenty months might have been avoided.

The United States went through a period of poverty and of disorganization immediately after the end of our Revolutionary War. We were in a formative period. If the wrong leadership had appeared, our history undoubtedly would have been different and worse.

It was fortunate for us and for the world that George Washington and the brilliant group of men who surrounded him were ready and willing to serve. Imagine what our history would have been if instead of Washington, who loved liberty and respected the rights of his fellow men, a man who preached such doctrines as Hitler teaches and embodies had come to power.

It is possible at any time to appeal to the bad as well as the good in men. We have had our preachers of race prejudice and hate. We have had our enemies of liberty. We have had Ku Klux Klan and similar outbursts. But luckily, so far, we have not had to rely for leadership in time of grave emergency upon any of the enemies of all that is sound in civilization.

Civilized people everywhere stand for freedom, justice, mercy and truth, for the right of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Hitler denies these things and so his leadership isolates Germany in the family of nations.

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